

THE
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY JOHN A. HERAUD, ESQ.

VOL. IV.]

DECEMBER, 1840.

[No. 24.]

OUR COMIC WRITERS.*

COMEDY, without poetry, must be immoral. It deals necessarily with the sensuous part of the human constitution. It lives among the lusts of the flesh and the appetites of the natural man. Love is too pure for it, and the sympathies too sacred. It must have the privilege of jesting; love and the sympathies are also too serious and earnest for its mood. They belong to the tragic muse—the comic sister delights in the apparent, the worldly, and requires poetry to preserve her from the immorality which clings to such exhibitions in a mere prosaic form. What in the prose-world about us is vicious, in the poetic world above us and beneath is a mere sport of nature—an accident of manifestation having little to do with the essential humanity manifested, except as an evanescent exponent, a merry pageant which is but for a moment, and then yields place to better—at least to other—things.

But it follows not that what is not written in verse is not poetic. Prose is no antithesis to poetry—but only to metre. The opposite of poetry is science—and poetry may be written either in prose or metre, as science may be and has been written in verse. What was it that Coleridge wrote on the Wonderfulness of Prose? O, here it is—not the least wonderful passage in his own prose!

“It has just struck my feelings that the Pherecydean origin of prose being granted, prose must have struck men with greater admiration than poetry. In the latter, it was the language of passion and emotion: it is what they themselves spoke and heard in moments of exultation, indignation, &c. But to hear an evolving roll, or a succession of leaves, talk continually the language of deliberate reason in a form of continued preconception, of a Z already possessed when A was being uttered,—this must have appeared godlike. I feel myself in the same state, when, in the perusal of a sober, yet elevated and harmonious, succession of sentences and periods, I abstract my mind from the

* The Dramatic Works of Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar, with Biographical and Critical Notices by LEIGH HUNT. London: Moxon. 1840.

particular passage, and sympathize with the wonder of the common people, who say of an eloquent man :—" He talks like a book ! "

Good prose is better than bad verse, and splendid poetry may be written in either. We fear that Mr. Leigh Hunt, in the magnificent volume before us, has not sufficiently regarded this. Surely, he means not that Beaumont and Fletcher are to be commended only because they wrote in verse, and Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar, condemned because they wrote in prose ! Yet there is something like this in the tone of some of his remarks :—*e. g.*

" We are not to suppose that such a world as that of the very best of these dramatists is the best sort of world, or the cheerfullest, and the one to be most desired ; much less such a suffocating region of fine heartless ladies and gentlemen as that of Congreve, who, in his passion for wit and a plot, thought of nothing but intrigue and lying, and saying two contrary things at once. It wanted all the poetry of the drama of the preceding ages, and had no fixed belief in any of the philosophy of the future ; though the good-nature of the better part of it was a kind of substitute for both. The best as well as worst of its women, for instance, are only fit to laugh and to perish. Perpetuity disowns them as thorough capable human creatures, such as Desdemona and Imogen,—ready-made for being finally beautiful and moral, under the best conceivable dispensation : and yet the *Sylvia* and *Mrs. Sullen* of Farquhar have links with even women like these, by the force of their sympathy with whatsoever is kind and just ; and Wycherley's *Fidelia* is an imitation of them. But who that is anything but half a man, ignorant of what such whole books as Shakespeare's can make him, would think of taking to his heart the flimsy creatures, made of ribbons and tittle tattle, out of the rest of the volume before us ? or the hoydens, that come driving out of the pantry, and running down the butler ? Wycherley was obliged to go to the former times for his new edition of *Viola* ; and so was Farquhar for his *Oriana*. And it is not a little curious to see, up to the days of sentimental comedy, what an uncouth tendency there was, whenever a little romance and good faith was to be introduced, to stilt up the dialogue into verse or measured prose ; as though the moment the writers came to anything serious, their own style was felt to be nought, and that of their predecessors the only worthy language of truth and beauty. Vanbrugh himself begins in verse ! but is soon obliged to give it up. In fact, English comedy, as it is emphatically understood to be such in these prose-dramatists, is the poorer half of the comedy of the preceding age ; or the levity and satire of it, deprived of its poetry. Farquhar's ' *Inconstant*,' inasmuch as it is a de-poetization of Fletcher's ' *Wild Goose Chase*,' is a type of the whole series."

We must inquire into this, by your leave, Mr. Leigh Hunt, a little further. Goethe seems to have apprehended a musical capability in prose. It occurs in Wilhelm Meister's *Wanderjahre*, and is thus translated by the estimable Thomas Carlyle. " To poetical rhythm," says Goethe, " the musical artist opposes measure of tone and movement of tone. But here the mastery of music over poesy soon shows itself ; for if the latter, as is fit and necessary, keep her quantities never so steadily in view, still for the musician few syllables are decidedly short

or long; at his pleasure he can overset the most conscientious procedure of the rhythm, nay, change prose itself into song; from which, in truth, the richest possibilities present themselves; and the poet would soon feel himself annihilated if he could not, on his own side, by lyrical tenderness and boldness, inspire the musician with reverence; and now in the softest sequence, now by the most abrupt transitions, awaken new feelings in the mind."

Prose, in fact, presents far greater possibilities than verse for *various* metrical arrangement. But the question is, whether the comedies before us are not only written in prose, but deficient in poetry? We believe that the difference between Charles Lamb and Mr. Leigh Hunt lies in this, that Mr. Leigh Hunt sees no poetry in the prose, and Charles Lamb saw abundance of it. We fear (strange as the charge may seem) that Mr. Leigh Hunt has sacrificed too much to the spirit of convention in his remarks, forgetful of the inspired maxim, that "to the pure all things are pure." We do hold that, above all men, Mr. Leigh Hunt should not so have conceded, and to such a spirit. Why, we who have been "dwelling in decencies" for too great a portion of our lives, are free to assert a wider liberty. Should we, besides, forget that "manly Wycherley" himself has left on record his defence of the alleged unpoetic immoralities which mere convention denounces? In as plain words as befit *The Plain Dealer*, he tells us that it is only the meretricious and hypocritical Olivias, the concealed harlots of society, who would condemn the *Country Wife*, or convict of immodesty the woman who should see it without blushing, or omit to publish her detestation of it. The ladies of America, we are told, are squeamish, for which they have been well laughed at by Mrs. Trollope, but not more than they deserve. Be sure of it, that woman has an indelicate mind who blushes at a naked statue. Honest Wycherley has branded all such mock-modesty with the character that it merits. In the following brief dialogue, he clusters together various kinds of these pruriencies which pretended virtue makes for its own nasty indulgence:

"*Olivia*. Ah, cousin! nothing troubles me but that I have given the malicious world its revenge, and reason now to talk as freely of me as I used to do of it.

Eliza. Faith, then, let not that trouble you; for, to be plain, cousin, the world cannot talk worse of you than it did before.

Olivia. How, cousin! I'd have you to know, before this faux pas, this trip of mine, the world could not talk of me.

Eliza. Only that you mind other people's actions so much that you take no care of your own, but to hide 'em; that, like a thief, because you know yourself most guilty, you impeach your fellow-criminals first, to clear yourself.

Olivia. O wicked world!

Eliza. That you pretend an aversion to all mankind in public, only that their wives and mistresses may not be jealous, and hinder you of their conversation in private.

Olivia. Base world!

Eliza. That abroad you fasten quarrels upon innocent men for talking of you, only to bring 'em to ask your pardon at home, and to

become dear friends with them, who were hardly your acquaintance before.

Olivia. Abominable world !

Eliza. That you condemn the obscenity of modern plays, only that you may not be censured for never missing the most obscene of the old ones.

Olivia. Damned world !

Eliza. That you deface the nudities of pictures and little statues, only because they are not real.

Olivia. O, fy ! fy ! fy ! hideous ! hideous ! Cousin, the obscenity of their censures makes me blush !

Eliza. The truth of 'em, the naughty world would say now !"

This defence is triumphant, and becomes still more so when we consider the final cause, end, and purpose of comic writing and acting. Its office is to expose absurdities and vices ; and to do so, it must convince the spectator of the ridiculous and the impure. Do the comedies before us represent the age in which the writers lived ? Undoubtedly ! Then they did their duty ; they served to detect for the audiences of their time the impurities and coxcombries of it. Once thus exposed upon the stage, it was not possible they should long continue to pester society. In fact, they did not ; and the comedies themselves ceased to be played when the occasion for them ceased.

But we shall be told that the writers themselves had no such moral design. Wycherley had—nothing can be clearer than this fact. He was a wise physician, who knew the cure that was wanted, and boldly prescribed it. Nay, all the writers before us were men acquainted with the world, and proceeded with a perfect consciousness of what they were about. But suppose they worked unconsciously ? In such unconscious working we recognize the true poetic instinct. Artificial life lay before them ; inspired by the comic muse, they selected the points for representation which told best for the reformation of manners. Whether we consider these points poetic or not, depends upon our capacity to apprehend the poetic in the artificial. There is poetry undoubtedly in the country, but there is poetry in the town also ; in the former the poetry of nature, but in the latter the poetry of man. Charles Lamb had an intense perception of this, and so we thought had Mr. Leigh Hunt, though not unwisely inclined to "babbling of green fields."

The question, however, may be settled in one word :—were the writers before us men of genius ? They were—men of indubitable genius—not mere men of talent, like the worldling fops who scribble Sea Captains and such rubbish of the present day. Enough, then. Whatever is genial is poetic. We have said it ; we condescend not to explain the saying. It is an axiom for such as are capable of receiving it—to fools it is folly !

Whatever is genial is poetic, and the utterers of it are men who have a divine commission. Every man of genius is an apostle, not by historical succession, but by spiritual ordination, and does the work, whether consciously or unconsciously, that his master requires. The work that these men were appointed to do, they did, and did thoroughly, in the best manner, and with the readiest means.

Ah! but they partook themselves, as individuals, of the vices of the age in which they lived. Granted. But then they were not worse than others; and in their capacity of dramatic poets, they were better. The evil they saw and suffered they sought to eradicate—laboured to do it—and did it. And then, as members of the age, they partook of the spirit of the final cause for which the age itself existed. The puritanism of the preceding age was destructive equally of the charities and the arts—nay, humanity would have died of formalism. The best of dogmas must come to an end when they have outlived their spirit. The form of godliness, without the power, is a reigning blasphemy, which must be resisted whenever and wherever it may rear its crowned front. The nonjuring Collier was erroneous in these things—as bad a defender of the church as an impugner of the stage. Notwithstanding the Puseyism of the *Quarterly Review*, the Protestant Church of England never was, and never can be, the sort of institution that the nonjuring clergy of the present and past times wished to make the laity believe. Christianity never had but one high priest, and, since his reception behind the veil, recognizes no priesthood. The national Church of England, which has no faithfuller member than ourselves, has very properly had its clerisy; but this is a very different affair altogether. It is not impossible that it may yet be left for the stage to laugh out of countenance the clerical assumptions that have travelled from Oriel College, Oxford, to Albemarle-street, London. Shall monks and friars be brought on the stage—and shall fox-hunting parsons escape? Forbid it, religion! But it is time to pause, now that we have descended from the drama to polemics.

Let us, in conclusion, record our unqualified praise of the work before us; it is indeed a treasure which, having once possessed, we would never live without. The biographies by Mr. Leigh Hunt are charming pieces of writing—in fact, altogether delightful. Notwithstanding what we have blurted out above, we can assure him that we were never better pleased with him than on the present occasion. Mr. Moxon (“the poets’ publisher,” as *we first* called him) should come in also for a share of the praise. He stands in contrast with the spiritless booksellers of the day, who, whether it be old or new, recoil from literary excellence, and seek their natural refuge in the dullness and insipidity which lies more level to their uncultivated understandings and low commercial instincts. A few more such enlightened publishers, and some fine spirits, who now have too much reason to lament that they are fallen upon evil days, might begin to hope. It is fearful to think what is lost by reason of the mere trading principle on which literature in general (to say nothing now of the theatrical portion of it) is conducted. It was always bad enough; but the evils were once counteracted by a spirit of private enterprise. There is at present, however, no “speculation in the orbs” of men. Publishers were once merchants—they are now but shopkeepers. We must have Associations to do what theatrical managers and booksellers have not sufficient “pluck” to attempt. A little while—and the remedy will be provided. Meanwhile, live in faith.

VERSIONS FROM GERMAN POETS.

BY MESSRS. BARHAM, BERNAYS, AND HERAUD.

I.—THE SPRING FEAST.

Paraphrased from the German of Klopstock. By Francis Barham.

[THIS ode of Klopstock used to be considered by many foreign critics as the finest in the German language;—the national taste has, however, lately run against the poet, in favour of recent and more polished writers.]

I will not dare
To sound the ocean of the universe,
Nor hover where
The angelic choirs of morning stars rehearse
The ecstasies of song.

Yet still along
This sunny atmosphere of vernal earth—
Last drop of Nature's bucket—latest birth
Of all the joy-diffusing planet throng,
Will I shout hallelujahs,
For this last drop of the life-teeming stars
Flowed from the hand of God.

When from the Omnipotent
The effulgent sunstream of creation poured,
And the seven spheres spangled the firmament,
This natal orb of love
Burst into being, ever to improve.

When high in purple heaven
The inextinguishable lamp of day
Scattered its streaming ray
Like cataracts of lightning, tempest driven,
Girding Orion—thou didst start,
O mother earth—mother of gentle heart,
Into thy choral dance of harmonies.

Planet of genial life,
Who are the million-fold existencies
That have in joy and strife
Lived round thee? Who am I?
To the Creator, hallelujahs!
Something which cannot die,
Akin to the pure stars
That glitter through the emblazed immensity.

Such is the immortal soul,—and who
Shall limit soul to man? Methinks that you,
O flower-rejoicing butterfly, whose wing
Upon the ethereal breeze is fluttering,
May be immortal too.

Flow, flow, ye luscious tears,
And thou my harp again,
Twined with the palms of thy triumphant strain,
Ring to the echoing spheres
The glories of the Eternal! He whose light
Flashes around me, making all
Miraculously lovely. In my sight
Naturals grow supernatural, and recall
The image of the Invisible. Each wind
Glow with his living Spirit, as it breathes
Freshness upon my passion-burning brow,
Fainter, and still more languishing. And now,
The vapour of the sultry noontide wreathes
Round every tree, and lo, the Almighty mind
Comes in the thunder-cloud.

Hark, the storm rises,
Swift and crushing, and howling loud,
The forest it surprises,
Waves lash the rocks with foaming spray:
And 'mid the tempest-crushing jubilee
The Godhead stands confest—

Our giant oaks are staggering round,
And ocean rears his snow-white crest,
Rebellowing back the thunder's sound.
I fall upon my face, and still,
And mute amidst the hurricane,
Invoke the Omnipotent to kill
None but the haughty and the vain.

And art Thou angry, Lord,
When the meridian whirlwind sinks to sleep,
That thy mysterious Presence walks abroad,
Robed in Night's sable mantle? No! the deep
Night also is a blessing, as it flings
Refreshment on the strengthening corn, and dew
On the heart-gladdening grape. Father, I knew
Thou wert not angry. From thy wings
The showers of love descend;
And from the bell
Of the wild rose, the moth I loved so well
Looks forth, and owns its Maker for its friend.
Perhaps it is not soulless—it may be
Full of thy glories—immortality.

Alas! that I could praise
Thee—Universal Spirit, as my heart
Pants to adore thee. Lo thou art
Still more revealed in midnight's mysteries;
The darkness sterner grows,
And richer in the opiate of repose:
But through the sombre shadow we behold
New lightnings, bickering yet more terribly;

We hear again the thunder peal that rolled
 From the fixed pole's electric axletree—
 Startling the nations :
 Lord, be merciful !
 Destroy not thy creations !

Again the storm-winds howl,
 And in their blast the rattling peal again
 Once more the forest bends, and then anon
 The noise is hushed, and all the fury gone !
 The black cloud hovers over field and plain ;
 Fiercer the lightnings flash—
 Then comes the wild and desolating crash,
 And the struck forest smokes :

But not our cot :—
 The invisible hand that rent the gnarled oaks,
 Leaves the hut harmless, on its lowly spot.

And now the balmy showers
 Rush on the thirsty earth,
 And all the drooping flowers
 Laugh in a second birth.
 The Omnipresent majesty
 Hath hushed the booming storm,
 And sits in smiling radiancy,
 Upon the rainbow's form.

I went out to adore,
 And lo, I weep, yet weep not in despair ;
 Thou who art Evermore,
 Forgive the tear—that things so bright and fair
 Should be deemed finite. Unto thee,
 Father of Spirits, tremblingly I creep ;
 Thou knowest all I feel,
 And with thy grief-consuming fires canst sweep
 These sable vapours of mortality,
 And to my dark conception canst reveal—
 Whether the inspiring soul
 Which fills and warms the whole,
 Dwells even in the butterfly—
 Or whether it must die ?
 Art thou but fashioned dust, child of the flower,
 To flourish and to fade in one brief hour ?
 Or wilt thou sparkle through new spheres of sense,
 Back to the uncreated effluence ?

II.—ELEGY,

*Prefixed by Goethe to his Metamorphosis of Plants, translated
 by Leopold John Bernays.**

Thee this thousand-fold mingling of flowers confuseth, my loved one,
 This fair flowery choir spreading the garden around ;

* Mistakes having arisen, we beg to state, that this gentleman is the eldest son of Dr. Bernays, Professor of King's College.—ED.

Names in profusion thou listest, and into thine ear ever thronging,
 With their barbarian sound, one o'er another they press ;
 Similar all in their forms, and yet none like to another,
 And thus some hidden law point they all out to the mind,
 And some hallowed enigma. My best beloved, would I could give thee
 To it an answer at once by some felicitous thought.
 As into being they spring, contemplate how led by degrees on,
 Little by little the plant forms into blossoms and fruit,
 Out of the seed it unfoldeth as soon as earth's bosom in silence
 Maketh it fruitful, and then gently transmits it to life,
 And to the charm of the light—the hallowed—eternally moving,
 Straightway commendeth the fair, delicate framework of buds.
 Wrapped in the seed slept the power—the embryo yet undeveloped
 Lay in itself enclosed, hid 'neath the veil of the shell.
 Leaflet, and root, and bud, yet but half formed, and without colour ;
 Thus the dry seed doth preserve life, though inactive within :
 Upward then striving it springs, to the gentle moisture confiding,
 And at once raiseth itself from the environing night,
 But still simple remaineth the form of the primal appearance,
 And thus, e'en among plants, still doth the infant appear,
 And up-raising itself, one impulse succeeding another,
 Piling up knot upon knot, still the first image renews ;
 Truly not alway the same, for manifold aye is developed,
 Formed, e'en as thou behold'st, leaf ever following leaf.
 Still more extended, more notched, more split into points and in portions,
 Which undeveloped before lay in the organ beneath.
 And thus it reacheth first the highest appointed completion,
 Which in many a form moveth to wonder thy soul.
 Ribbed and indented much on the rich and luxuriant surface,
 Endless, without restraint, seems the full impulse to be.
 But here with mightiest hand doth nature check the formation,
 And gently guideth it on to its perfection and end.
 Guides she the sap with more moderation, and narrows the vessels,
 And, lo, the form at once tenderer workings presents.
 Silently now the growth of the on-striving edges retireth
 While the ribs of the stem fuller develope their forms.
 And, lo, leafless and swift a tenderer stalklet appeareth,
 And a wonderful form now the spectator attracts.
 Now groweth circling around, numbered up, and yet without number,
 Lo ! a smaller leaf near to a similar one,
 Pressing around the axis the hiding calix appeareth,
 Which for the fairest forms bright-coloured crownlets emits.
 Thus doth nature exult in her highest, her fullest appearance,
 And showeth forth in rows member on member up-piled.
 Still new wonders await thee, where first o'er the scaffolding tender
 Of ever varying leaves stirs on the stem the bright flower.
 But this beauty becometh a fresh formation's announcement,
 Yea, the bright-coloured leaf feeleth the finger divine,
 And it draws itself quickly together, while forms the most tender

Twofold forward extend for closest union designed.
 Friendly behold they stand—the gentle couples—together,
 Numberless ranging themselves the hallowed altar around ;
 Hymen hovereth near, and glorious odours with power
 All things filling with life, pour sweetest incense around.
 And now at once disunited, the numberless blossoms are swelling,
 Veiled in the motherly breast of the developing fruits :
 And here nature shuts up the circle of powers eternal,
 Yet a new one at once taketh the former one's place,
 So that the chain still onward through age upon age is extended,
 And thus with life is the whole, as is the single one, filled.
 Now, my beloved, turn thy glance to the host many coloured,
 Which o'er thy thoughtful mind moves in confusion no more.
 Lo ! how each plant announceth to thee an eternal commandment ;
 Every flower hath a tongue louder and louder for thee ;
 But if thou here the goddess's holy letters decipher'st,
 Alway thou may'st see the same, though in a different form ;
 Though the worm creeping delays, and the butterfly busily hasteth,
 Though man's plastic soul varies the image designed.
 O, bethink thee then also how out of the germ of acquaintance,
 Step by step in our minds beautiful custom arose,
 How then friendship with might and with power expanded within us,
 And how love at the last blossoms and fruitage produced.
 Oh, bethink thee how soon sweet nature gave to our feelings,
 Silent unfolding itself, manifold different shapes.
 Joy thee also to-day, for love the holy one striveth,
 Aye to the highest fruit—similar feelings and thoughts,
 Like contemplation of things, that by a harmonized gazing,
 Joining in love the pair may find a loftier world.

III.—PEGASUS IN HARNESS.

From the German of Schiller, translated by John A. Heraud.

[Schiller has written a very pretty allegorical poem, to show the poet's unfitness for the world, entitled *Pegasus im Joche*—of which the following translation is almost literal, *i. e.* quite so, save a few words introduced for the sake of metre or rhyme. The lines, too, are of the same length and number, and the rhimes fall in the same places, in the English version as in the German original.]

PEGASUS IM JOCHE.

Auf einem Pferdemarkt—vielleicht zu
 Haymarket,*
 Wo andre dinge noch in waare sich ver-
 wandeln,—
 Bracht'einst ein hungriger Poet
 Der Musen Ross, es zu verhandeln.

PEGASUS IN HARNESS.

To a horse-mart,—perhaps the market
 named of hay,
 Where other things as well in merchan-
 dize are proffered,—
 A hungry poet, on a day,
 The Muses' steed in barter offered.

* Schiller means the English Haymarket, where, however, horses are *not* sold. Lessing made similar mistakes in his *Emilia Gallotti*.—J. A. H.

Hell wieherte der Hippogriff,
Und bäumte sich in prächtiger parade;
Erstaunt blieb jeder stehn, und rief;
Das edle, königliche thier! Nur schade,

Dass seinen schlanken wuchs ein häss-
lich flügelpaar
Entstellt! Den schönsten postzug würd'
es zieren.

Die race, sagen sie, sey rar,
Doch wer wird durch die luft kut-
schieren?

Und keiner will sein geld verlieren.
Ein pächter endlich fasste muth.
Die flügel zwar, spricht er, die schaffen
keinen nutzen;

Doch die kann man ja binden oder
stutzen,
Dann ist das pferd zum ziehen immer
gut.

Ein zwanzig pfund, die will ich wohl
dran wagen;

Der täuscher, hoch vergnügt die waare
loszuschlagen,

Schlägt hurtig ein, "Ein mann, ein
wort!"

Und Hans trabt frisch mit seiner beute
fort.

Das edle thier wird eingespannt,
Doch fühlt es kaum die ungewohnte
bürde,

So rennt es fort mit wilder flugbegierde,
Und wirft, von edelm grimm entbrannt,
Den Karren um an eines abgrunds rand.

Schon gut, denkt Hans. Allein darf ich
dem tollen thierte

Kein fuhrwerk mehre vertraun. Erfah-
rung macht schon klug.

Doch morgen fahr' ich passagiere,
Da stell' ich es als vorspann in den zug.
Die muntre krabbe soll zwei pferde mir
ersparen;

Der koller gibt sich mit den jahren.

Der anfang ging ganz gut. Das leicht
beschwingte pferd

Belebt der klepper schritt, und pfeil-
schnell fliegt der wagen.

Doch was geschieht? Den blick den
wolken zugekehrt,

Und ungewohnt, den grund mit festem
huf zu schlagen,

Verlässt es bald der räder sich're spur,
Und, treu der stärkeren natur,

Durchrennt es sumpf und moor, geackert
feld und hecken.

Clear neighed the hippogriff and loud;
And pranced in pride and showed his
fine points finely;

In wonder stood stock-still the crowd,
And cried, "the noble beast! he moves
divinely!"

Pity! his slim shape's spoiled by those
two monstrous wings,

It else a four-horse carriage would em-
bellish—

The race is rarest of rare things,
Yet who would coach the air? 't were
spellish—

And none his gold to lose would relish!
At last, a farmer, brave and bluff,
Opines—"those strange wings, to be
sure, are useless—very—"

But may be tied or clipped, without
more query,

And then for draught the horse serve
well enough—

A twenty pound I well may venture on
it."

The dealer, too much pleased to cavil or
to con it—

"A man—a word!" right brisk replies—
And Jack trots off with what he deems
a prize.

Fixed in the shafts, the creature nice
Scarce feels the unwonted burthen on
him lying,

Ere forth he starts with wild desire of
flying,

And nobly angry, in a trice,
O'erturns the cart on brink of precipice.

"Well—well"—thinks Jack—"I see,
I dare not trust this Sorrow
To draw at all alone. Experience makes
us wise.

But travellers I shall drive to-morrow,
Then—then—the team his leading vigour
tries!

The sprightly shrimp will e'en two duller
horses save me;

Years quench the fire that now would
brave me."

At starting, all was well. The lightly-
winged steed

Quickens the ponies' steps—the stage
flies like an arrow—

What happens next? His eyes up-
turned the welkin read;

And with firm hoof unused the ground
to measure narrow,

He soon forsakes the wheels' sure track,
and to

His first, his stronger nature true,
Through marsh and moor he runs,
ploughed field and hedge, in error—

Der gleiche taumel fasst das ganze post-
gespann,
Kein rufen hilft, kein zügel hält es an,
Bis endlich zu der wandrer schrecken,
Der wagen, wohlgerüttelt und zerschellt,
Auf eines berges steilem gipfel hält.

Das geht nicht zu mit rechten dingen!
Spricht Hans mit sehr bedenklichem
gesicht.

So wird es nimmermehr gelingen;
Lass sehn, ob wir den tollwurm nicht
Durch magre kost und arbeit swingen.
Die probe wird gemacht. Bald ist das
schöne thier,
Eh' noch drei tage hingeschwunden,
Zum schatten abgezehrt. Ich hab's, ich
hab's gefunden,
Ruft Hans. Jetzt frisch, und spannt es
mir
Gleich vor den pflug mit meinem stärk-
sten stier.

Gesagt, gethan. In lächerlichem zuge
Erblickt man ochs und flügelpferd am
pfluge,
Unwillig steigt der Greif, und strengt die
letzte macht
Der sehnen an, den alten flug zu neh-
men,
Umsonst, der nachbar schreitet mit
bedacht,
Und Phöbus stolzes ross muss sich dem
stier bequemen,
Bis nun, vom langen widerstand ver-
zehrt,
Die kraft aus allen gliedern schwindet,
Von gram gebeugt das edle götterpferd
Zu boden stürzt, und sich im staube
windet.

Verwünschtes thier! bricht endlich Han-
sens grimm—
Laut scheltend aus, indem die hiebe
flogen.
So bist du denn zum ackern selbst zu
schlimm;
Mich hat ein schlem mit dir betrogen.

Indem er noch in seines zornes wuth
Die peitsche schwingt, kommt flink und
wohlgemuth
Ein lustiger gesell die strasse hergezo-
gen.
Die Zitter klingt in seiner hand,
Und durch den blonden schmuck der
haare
Schlingt zierlich sich ein goldnes band.
Wohin, freund, mit dem wunderlichen
paare?

Like madness seizes all—the team to
prance begin—

No call avails—no bridle reins them in—
Till lastly to the traveller's terror,
Th' unlucky wain, well shaken, broken
quite,

Halts on a mountain's top, a perilous
height.

"It seems to me there's magic in it"—
Says Jack with sadly rueful countenance,
"Gold it may lose, but never win it;—
Let's see, spare food, hard toil, per-
chance,
May tame the mad-brain, though it thin
it."

The trial's made—alas! the royal beast
and rare,
Ere yet three days are all departed,
Is to a shadow worn, and Jack is merry
hearted—

"Now with the steer he'll foot it square;
Yoked to the plough, the strongest with
the spare."

So said, so done. And laughably they
tether

Ox and winged steed before the plough
together—

Scornful the griffin soars, and tugs with
might and main,

To take the flight that did ere while befit
him—

Thoughtful his neighbour plods along—
'tis vain!

And Phœbus' haughty steed must to the
steer submit him,

Till by resistance long exhausted now,
Strength fails each sinew—his limbs lan-
guish—

And the brave steed divine, with grief
laid low,

Fallen to the ground, rolls 'mid the dust
in anguish.

"Accursed brute!"—Jack's rage at last
found way—

Loud are his oaths—fast fall his blows
and thicker—

"Then thou art e'en too bad for plough-
ing—ay?

And I've been cheated by a tricker!"

While, in the fury of his wrath, yet he
The whip whirls round, brisk comes, and
cheerily,

A youth along the road, right full of
merry bicker.

The Cithern sounds within his hand,
And through his fair adorning hair,
Twines elegant a golden band—

"Whither, friend, whither, with this
wond'rous pair?"

Ruft er den bau'r von weitem an.
Der vogel und der ochs an einem seile,
Ich bitte dich, welch ein gespannt!
Willst du auf eine kleine weile
Dein pferd zur probe mir vertrau'n?
Gib acht, du sollst dein wunder schau'n.

Thus to the boor he calls from far—
"The bird and ox both in one rope to-
gether—
Gramercy, what a team they are!
Come, for a little while untether,
And let me try your horse!—you will?
Now—mind—you shall see marvels
still!"

Der Hippogryph wird ausgespannt,
Und lächelnd schwingt sich ihm der
jüngling auf den rücken.
Kaum fühlt das thier des meisters sich're
hand,
So knirscht es in des zügels band,
Und steigt, und blitze sprühn aus den
beseelten blicken.
Nicht mehr das vor'ge wesen, königlich,
Ein Geist, ein Gott, erhebt es sich.
Entrollt mit einem mal in sturmes wehen
Der schwingen pracht, schiesst bransend
himmelan,
Und eh' der blick ihm folgen kann,
Entschwebt es zu den blauen höhen.

The hippogriff, set free, stood bland,
While, smiling, on his back the youth
assumed his station;
Scarce feels the beast the master's steady
hand;
As champing at the bridle band,
He prances—while his eyes all flash with
inspiration.
No more the former being, royally,
A spirit, nay, a god, soars he!
Unfold at once, a whirlwind in each
feather,
The broad bright wings, and aim direct
for heaven;
And, ere the eye can follow even,
Lost are they in blue heights of ether."

[TRANSLATOR'S REMARKS.

Now this is lucky. Here are even on my table Retzsch's Outline Illustrations of this very poem. I know he has done the same good service to Schiller's *Song of the Bell*; but the sketches for that poem I have not yet seen. Those that now lie before me, I could look upon for ever.

The Artist has presented us with the Poet sadly seated, bent over his lyre, with empty purse in hand, and revolving in his troubled mind the necessity of disposing of the noble animal, "das Götterpferd," who, with neck over-arching his master's head and shoulders, as if lovingly, refreshes himself, as his wont is, with the scent of flowers, by the inspiration of whose breath he is nurtured and fed. Ah! happy steed, whose appetite was so easily supplied. This is a delicate fancy of Retzsch's. Is there not, however, too great a prominence in the jaw of the winged horse? Or is there an ideal beauty in that preternatural enlargement by which the poetic sketcher would distinguish Pegasus from all other steeds? It may be so. Well may the poet grieve while meditating the need of parting with a creature so beautiful! Nevertheless he cannot starve. The eagle above his head finds means to still the hunger of her young one. But Man—while the birds of the air have nests, and the foxes holes,—has often not where to lay his head. Yet, had he faith, bread for him would be made of the very stones. Faith is dead in the heart of the poet before us; and in the distance, yet not out of sight, are preparations making for the approaching horse-market—men and steeds are there. O ye muses! lead not the poet into temptation!

The temptation has been strong! Behold the poet at the market, receiving a meagre price for his matchless beast. With woe-begone

expression he accepts the fatal gold ; and the abandoned steed looks back upon his late guardian with a kind of reproachful pity ! Well he may !

Now are the wings of the divine hippogriff tied to prevent his flying, and with a bridle he is tethered to post and bar, to be gazed at with wonder by the stupid crowd.

In the fourth Outline the boor is seen conveying home his winged purchase. Riding on a wearied jade, he would willingly keep back the companion he wishes to lead, and not to follow. Scarcely his strong arm can retain possession of the rein. Home, however, he has arrived, and placed the poetic brute within two most prosaic shafts, to drag along a cart full of stones. The very turkeys look up and cackle with astonishment. But Jack braves all danger, and undertakes himself the driving, much to the satisfaction of all his labourers, who are glad to get quit of the peril. Sorely, however, has he found reason to repent his temerity ; for lo, the overturned cart—the raging winged horse—and the cast out yeoman. Nevertheless he still holds fast by the bridle, though lying at the mercy of those angry heels. A mother clasps up her child in utter fright ; while the husband rushes from afar to save his wife and offspring.

In much of all this Retszch has been his own poet.

He now begins to stick closer to his text. Great is the terror—nay, horror—of the passengers, as, with eye upturned to heaven, the divine steed drags after him the ponies and the stage in courses most erratic. Vain is the driver's skill and rage—one readily sees what will be the end of it all. They are now on the edge of the steep—and lo, a sudden halt, sufficient to overset the whole concern. Those below, whether man or brute, cringe in fear, save an excited individual, who hastens to render help in this apparent extremity.

The hippogriff is next displayed in the yeoman's stable ; he is safely haltered to an empty manger, eagerly observing the oxen in another part feeding at their crib. Jack seems to delight, with threatening fist, in the success of his starving scheme. It has visibly begun to take effect ; and yet the noble creature wanted but the breath of growing flowers to live on.

None such are in the field, ploughed or being ploughed. Pegasus has yielded to the steer—he has sunken to the earth—he is subjected to the lash. But Apollo is at hand—punishment is suspended—the god's request is granted.

And anon behold the result. Aloft he soars—divine steed, with rider no less divine ! The boor's upturned astonishment must needs confess that, though useless to draw and toil—the creature is eminently fitted for flying in the air—nay, reaching heaven.

With this the artist might have concluded—but now he gives us a view of his poet's apotheosis. The bust of Schiller in Elysium—in the middle air, Pegasus and his rider careering—round about such Grecian sculptures as might be there present to the soul of a bard. All is repose and peace : only the tuneful prevails ; gliding down, the expanded stream gives animation to the picture. Enough !

J. A. H.]

MISFORTUNE.

IF one calls to mind the time necessarily spent in the mechanical operations of civilized existence,—in dressing and undressing, eating, sleeping, and repeating common-places,—how short is seen to be the period of man's real *life* even in cases of the longest ordinary duration ! What weakness, then, do we exhibit when we allow any portion of this brief span to be occupied with gloomy anticipations of sorrow, which after all may never reach us, or in regretting evils which are past and irremediable ; and yet how large and important a part of it is by many of us thus spent ! We would almost exclaim with Cæsar, "*Melius est pati semel, quam cavere semper.*"

Were the minds of men to be schooled rigidly in practical philosophy rather than attenuated in abstruse disquisitions on far-off points, or amused in the attainment of trifling accomplishments (although there is time for these too), the world would be gainers by so large an amount of happiness as is hardly to be estimated. Quite true it is,

" That not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure or subtle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom ; what is more is fume,
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,
And renders us, in things that most concern,
Unpractis'd, unprepared, and still to seek."

Happy are those (although perhaps not worldly wise, or likely to be overburthened with its miscalled good things) who, through temperament, can allow the troubles which are man's heritage to pass over them, as a bird through the air, tracelessly ; but still more happy they who, despite a natural thoughtfulness and feeling for the future, which uncontrolled had produced care and chagrin, and had proved an armour so costly and fatiguing as to make even security a loss, are enabled by discipline to regard what is unchangeable as unworthy of regret ; and, feeling that "*horrible imaginings are worse than present ills,*" can wait patiently the actual presence of misfortune before they allow regret to feed upon their heart, or cloud thick-coming hopes and bright fancies,—to which latter, after all, perhaps belong as much reality and stability as to any other part of the phantasmagoria called life.

One of the wisest of the Latins has written, "*There is no man miserable alone by present evils ;*" and few will attempt to gainsay the remark. Let us then avoid repining in anticipation,—unless, indeed, such repining prevent the occurrence of the cause of it, as might sometimes be the case,—and refuse to say, "*I shall probably be miserable to-morrow, and therefore will I be unhappy to-day,*" and the length of our life, so far as actual enjoyment of it, and the time and power to develope the mind are concerned, will be immeasurably increased.

Even when disappointment or deprivation does afford substantial ground for grief, if we remember that nothing is felt as a misfortune if we do not think it such, we at once see the means we possess of

lessening the power of accident to oppress us,—“for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so.” Time is the great healer—the universal soother. No man feels the loss of fortune, the unmerited abuse of the world, or the death of the dearest friend he knew, with the same acuteness to-day as yesterday; and let but a few more days pass, and he feels it not at all. If, then, this be the case—if we may say with *certainty*, on the occurrence of a misfortune which at the moment were powerful enough, unless combatted, to prostrate all our energies, and make the world a blank, “*To-morrow* I shall cease to grieve,” how weak we must be to allow it under ordinary circumstances to affect us immoderately to-day!

In the search after happiness we are too apt to sacrifice the enjoyment of to-day to the hope of to-morrow—not to *be* happy, but to intend it:—it is all to-morrow, and to-morrow, and, lo! another morrow, and we are dust. Why not, then, reverse our system? Enjoy and be grateful for every gleam of sunshine as it passes, but defer repining until the morrow; by which time, be sure, we shall be a degree nearer than we were to a knowledge of the futility and wickedness of such a course. Man’s life and man’s glory are vain things, but man’s troubles are even vainer still.

GEORGE GODWIN, JUN.

The Knave and the Deuce.

A HORRIBLE STORY.

BY SIR EPHIALTES MOONCALF, KNIGHT-MAYOR.

“Ego me illorum dederim quibus esse poetas
Excerptam numero : neque enim concludere versum
Dixere esse satis : neque si quis scribat uti nos
Sermoni propria.”

[We are glad to hear it. Sir Ephialtes has given a very excellent definition and specimen of what is not poetry.]

’Tis a wild dreary spot—once a heathenish camp—
Where the witches, with shriek and halloo,
For their Master collect (lit by hell-nurtured lamp)
In the skulls of slain babies the poisonous damp,
And thus give the devil his dew.

He wandered disconsolate through the dark wood,
And shivered beneath every gust,
Not a *sou* had he got, and he swore, by the rood,
’Twas hard, though the rain hurried down in a flood,
There was no coming down with the dust.

A gambler he’d been, with Fortune was thick,
Though he wasted much oathing upon her—
But once when at whist, in a critical nick,
’Twas simply remarked to him—his was the trick,
And for nothing they counted his honour.

Since then he had sunk—nay, though awful, 'tis true—
Had stooped to the horrors of labour,
But he'd still, if a neighbour of substance he knew,
(Though since his disgrace such acquaintance were few)
Keep his hand in at beggar-my-neighbour.

He threw himself down by a holly-bush fine,
In a shelter to serve at a push,
And like Trinculo did for a bottle repine,
For under a bush one may sit and want wine,
Though good wine stands in need of no bush.

And he cursed at his stars—'tis a custom in use
By most of your self-martyred martyrs ;
Yet since he was perfectly welcome to choose,
And his stockings had dangled down over his shoes,
He had just as well cursed at his garters.

He cared not for ghosts, but he'd watched like a lynx
For the deuce when the dice he would rattle,
And then the bad spirits he'd met with, methinks,
At the low country taverns they call *tiddleywinks*,
Might have used him to that sort of cattle.

And besides, he was brave, for his lip had oft curled
When a priest, or a prayer-book, was near ;
And chief on all dogmas regarding that world
Which the doomed shall inhabit, his scorning was hurled,
For the gambler discovered it here.

Then all kinds of soft things crawled all round the place,
The toad, and the eel, and the snail,—
Nay, the two-ended worms, that detestable race,
Came and stuck up one end of them full in his face,
And defied him to cry—head or tail.

And some frogs came and stared at the wretch as he lay,
With a moist sort of cold-blooded doubt,
But puzzled they hopped to their puddles away,
With a croak sounding much like the words that at play
'Tis so pleasant to utter—" We're out."

Still the storm held its own—not its noise—with " a wild
Kind of justice," not mentioned by Burns,
For 'twixt thunder and rain so its time it beguiled,
That it put him in mind of a sadly spoiled child,
Who keeps roaring and crying by turns.

The gambler through many misfortunes had passed,
But could hardly conceive such a stew,
And despairingly frantic, he shouted at last,
" Oh ! who will restore me my cash and my caste ?"
An owl that was passing cried—" Whoo ?"

That owl was a Scotch one—so much he could tell—
 By its question-like answer he knew it,
 But then came another voice, deep as a bell,
 With a double Scotch answer-like question—"Well, well,
 And what will you give me to do it?"

The gambler sprang up at the hope it implied,
 And looked for the person who spoke,
 When a pair of red eyes at his elbow he spied,
 To which the big owl's with the candles inside,
 In the Freischutz were really a joke.

"Who are you?" said the gambler, "the night is so dark,
 That to make out your features I fail,
 But your legs, they describe a most elegant arc,
 And I pray you forgive me a hasty remark,
 But I think thereby hangeth a tail!"

"Just so," said the other with singular zest,
 While his tail went a splashing and slopping,
 "I just overheard the desire you expressed,
 And the rain is so heavy (you'll pardon the jest),
 That you'll see nothing strange in eaves-dropping.

"I beg to repeat what I asked you before,
 And your calmest regards let it meet;
 Pray tell me what points in his favour you'd score,
 Who, by giving you cab and bay gelding once more,
 Should set you again on your feet?"

"Remember the pigeons—the shuffle that brought
 Their feathers in clouds at your wish;
 Give that sweet little loo-room one delicate thought,
 And that looking-glass, placed at an angle that caught
 Such lots of her ladyship's fish.

"Remember a deal—and your own—be it weighed
 Before you decide on your offer;
 Take heart, and remember the club where was paid
 In diamonds the stake, when Prince Rubleskoff played—
 And the cough that brought coin to the coffer.

"Come! rub up your memory, aye, rub it until
 The rubber re-enter your soul;
 Recollect the odd trick on the table, where still
 There's a slit in the cloth for the court card to fill—"
 Quoth he, "I remember the whole.

"You, too, I know well, without aid from your feet,
 Nor let this be a cause of surprise;
 My life is a falsehood, a fraud, and a cheat,
 And living so much 'mid his children, 'tis meet
 I should honour the Father of Lies.

"But my soul's my sole wealth that is left me—my *παι*—
And that shall be yours for your pains,
If you'll straight carry out your benevolent plan,
And make me once more *a respectable man*!
And I'll live, as I've lived, by my *brains*."

"Done! done!" cried the demon, "I'll take of you, stop,
One drop of your blood as a hostage."
He produced a dead letter, on which from the top
Of the gambler's pale forehead he pinched out a drop,
Like the smear on the stamps for the postage.

"And now," said the fiend, "they who please may go bail
For this dicer—I think I have nicked him."
So he heaved up his tail, like a death-stricken whale,
It had thickened and swoln to a tub of a tail,
And crash went the head of his victim.

Then he mocked the poor spirit which shivered and plained
In agony under his eye—

"So, you've quickly deserted the rank you regained,
Though I really endeavoured, with honour unstained,
To the full with your wish to comply.

"You'd have lived by your brains—there they lie all around,
Most potent, and open, and quizzable;

A respectable man is a man (and I found
In Judge Blackstone the *dictum*, and therefore it's sound)

"Whose means of subsistence are visible."

And weeds, dark and slimy, still cling about there,
And kelpie-lumps gibber and jump—
And the golden-eyed toads from the green puddles stare,
And no wild-flowers are waving in pleasantness where
The gambler awaits the last trump. C. W. B.

MIA, THE CAT-FIEND.

[Adapted from the French of F. Coquille.]

I.

IN a well-furnished room in one of the principal hotels of Paris, before a cheerful fire, reposing himself after the fatigues of a journey from Strasburg, sat Mr. Thomas Knoderer. He had just enjoyed himself over a good dinner, and was taking his wine. A decanter placed in front of him on the chimney-piece bore witness to his intention of prolonging to the utmost the pleasures of his repast. Now and then he would cast a somewhat anxious glance on a number of papers that were arranged on the table, but he ever and anon returned with a redoubled alacrity to his bottle. First he satisfied his olfactories as to the quality of the liquor, and then he slowly poured himself out a glass, which he would proceed to discuss slowly and scientifically, gulp by

gulp, as though he would not by any undue precipitancy deprive himself of any portion of the exquisite flavour, after each draught clearing his palate with his tongue for the next, and occasionally uttering a sonorous "hem!" indicative of his sublime satisfaction. At length the fervour of his libation ceased; he lit his meerschaum, and stretching himself upon the sofa, he was soon enveloped in a cloud of smoke.

Mr. Thomas Knoderer was a perfect specimen of a German. Long fair hair, that hung in disordered locks around his temples, a large broad forehead, full open eyes, a nose not very long, but marked with slight streaks of red, and a thick heavy chin, all indicated a disposition towards animal enjoyment. Add to these peculiarities, a body whose length was principally from the head to the waist, athletic limbs, an air of ease, straightforwardness and good humour, and you have some idea of the man. The object of his visit to Paris is soon told.

Thomas Knoderer, and Henry Knoderer, his cousin, lived, the one at Strasburg, the other at Paris. Besides being well off already, they were also the joint heirs of an old uncle, Mr. Max Spreyerman Knoderer, of Wasselone. This old gentleman had been in the army, but the loss of an arm procured him his congé, and he had retired to his estate of Wasselone on the banks of the Rhine. He had since constantly avoided all attempts to draw him into matrimony, on the plea that, having in his youth obeyed so many military commanders, it would not do for him to put himself under the orders of any other, especially of one who might prove the reverse of civil. He, however, duly made his will in favour of his two nephews, and shortly after invited Thomas to his château, where the latter soon rendered himself so agreeable to the taste of the old gentleman, that he declared he was the pleasantest companion to be found on that side of the Rhine.

Mr. Max Spreyerman Knoderer, however, died suddenly. His will, although, or perhaps, because, prepared by the village notary, was held to be in some points obscure, and as the property was large, the lawyers soon contrived to draw the cousins into a very pretty lawsuit. One morning, however, Mr. Thomas Knoderer, in rummaging among the old memoranda of his late uncle for a receipt, chanced to fall upon a paper which turned out to be nothing less than another and a later will of the deceased, written in his own hand, and duly signed according to law, by which he revoked his former testament, and instead of dividing his property between his two nephews, gave the whole "estate of Wasselone, with all the rights and properties thereunto annexed, to Mr. Thomas Knoderer, as a proof of his regard, &c. &c. &c." This will, in fact, had been made only the day before his death, in consequence of some presentiment of his approaching end, and his nephew being absent at the time, he had not been able to inform him of it.

It was in order to place his cousin Henry in possession of this fact, and thus to put an end to the pending proceedings, that Mr. Thomas Knoderer had come to Paris. Not having found Henry at home, he had appointed to meet him at eight that evening at the hotel where we introduced him to the reader, where he is still engaged in smoking his meerschaum, and occasionally relieving his thirst by a return to the bottle on the mantelshelf. His reflections were decidedly agreeable. The prospect of augmenting his resources, which, to say the truth, had

been somewhat impaired by indulgence in the follies of youth, and the satisfaction of being emancipated from a lawsuit, which even under any circumstances is embarrassing, disposed him to a kindly feeling towards all human kind. Amidst these agreeable reflections the time passed rapidly away. The hour was near at which he was to meet his cousin. Once more he rose from his couch to look at the papers on the table—to see whether they were duly arranged to assist him in the approaching interview. Once again did he read the precious testament which had been so fortunately discovered, and which was to effect such a change in his fortunes. While thus engaged, he thought he heard a noise at the door, as though some person desired to enter. Not knowing what it could be, he opened the door, and was surprised to see a cat glide quietly between his feet into the room, and run to hide itself under the bed. Its motions were so quick that he scarcely saw it before it was hidden under the bed. Nevertheless, he endeavoured to coax it out. In the kindest voice possible, he used the customary means of alluring the reserved animal so miscalled domestic. It was in vain: all his advances were unfavourably received—the cat had resolved not to quit her retreat, from which her eyes glared upon him like a pair of carbuncles. At last he perceived the uselessness of the attempt, and he returned to his couch and resumed his pipe, with no kindly feeling towards the animal which had so pertinaciously declined all his advances towards companionship.

Already he had completely forgotten her, when he observed her draw towards the fire, quietly and cautiously, till at length she established herself on her hind legs before it, and began the operations of the toilette, which nature has prescribed to the instinct of all female animals, with her tongue. Somewhat pleased by this approach towards confidence, Mr. Thomas Knoderer remained immovable on his sofa, lest he should alarm his new and singular companion, and observed her with some interest.

She was a cat of ordinary appearance, partly Angora, with a small head and short ears. Her back, feet, and face, were of a deep black, the rest of her body was of a very pale brown. She had on a greyish collar, which formed a species of ruff, and came down on her chest. Most formidable whiskers, green eyes, and a tuft of long hair, which protruded from each of her eye-brows, gave to her physiognomy quite a magisterial gravity. Mr. Thomas Knoderer, seeing her apparently a little more habituated to the room, began again to offer her some little attentions, which she now no longer refused. In fact, she soon became so familiar as to jump on the knees of her host, and from thence on to the table, where at length she established herself quietly, looking at the fire with her eyes half shut. Our friend Knoderer was delighted. The time no longer seemed to pass slowly. At length, without taking the pipe from his mouth, he said,—

“Upon my word, madam, nothing seems to abash you now!”

And in truth nothing did seem to abash her. Pleased with the glorious fire before which she had sat herself, she soon began, kitten-like, gently with her paw to push about a pen that lay on the table by her side. Mr. Knoderer had already re-lit his pipe, and was smoking away with renewed ardour. From the midst of the dense

cloud of smoke which he created, his eyes followed vaguely, and scarcely with any consciousness to himself, the playful antics of the cat as she bounded about among the papers on the table in pursuit of her own tail. Suddenly a paper that had been set in motion by a more than usually vigorous pat of her paw, slid off the table, and was drawn by the current of air from the chimney into the midst of the flames. Mr. Knoderer by this time had fallen into a sort of demi-slumber, but awakened by a vague sense of something going wrong, he rushed to save the paper from the flames. It was too late—there remained but a portion of it on which there was no writing, the rest being all burnt.

As for the author of the mischief, conscience-stricken she made a precipitate retreat under a piece of furniture.

Meanwhile Mr. Knoderer scarcely dared ask himself what the paper was which had been consumed. The fragment in his hand afforded him no clue; but on searching among the other papers on the table, he found, too truly, what his fears had surmised, that the autograph will was no longer in existence.

"TARTEIFLE!" was all he cried when he discovered the immensity of his loss—then, arming himself with a great stick, he prepared to ferret out the unlucky animal, who squatted crouching in a corner, watching with a frightened look these unequivocal preparations for war.

"Oh you infernal beast!" shrieked Mr. Knoderer as soon as he perceived her, at the same time aiming at her a blow sufficient to have annihilated anything but a cat. To avoid it she flew under the bed. Driven from thence she again sought her first hiding place; but her persecutor allowed her no respite. Maddened by the excess of his loss, he harassed her without intermission. In vain she ran around her prison, and now bounded up against the walls to the height of several feet—all was of no use; and at length, when escape seemed hopeless, she turned round and faced the enemy. There she stood, swelling to a frightful size, and all the hairs on her body erect. Her eyes seemed to shoot out lightnings—she hissed, she growled, she miauled, till at last she squatted collectedly on her hind legs, and, just as Mr. Knoderer had again lifted his stick she leaped up at his face with one strong bound, and fixed her claws in his flesh.

Here was a scene at once frightful and ludicrous. In an agony of mingled fear and pain Mr. Knoderer roared madly for help, and nearly pulled down the bell-ropes in his frantic efforts to make his situation known in the house. At this moment the door opened, and a person appeared, who gazed with astonishment on the scene.

"Help! help!" repeated Mr. Knoderer.

The new-comer hastened to deliver him from the claws of his enemy, but she no sooner saw a passage clear than she rushed out and escaped. But at once the stranger recognized her.

"What! *Mia* here!" cried he with astonishment.

"Abominable animal! Where is my stick that I may kill her?"

"In the name of Heaven, my good cousin, of what consequence is that? You are all over blood!"

"Filthy beast!—I am lost—I am ruined!"

"Stay, let me clear your face; and in the meantime collect yourself, and tell me what has happened."

"Tarteifle! such an important paper burnt!"

"What paper? And how did *Mia* get here?"

"*Mia*! who is *Mia*?"

"The cat you were fighting with."

"Filthy beast!"

"She is a cat of mine which I have lost for some time."

"Your cat?"

"I am quite astonished to find her here. What has she done to you?"

Mr. Thomas Knoderer looked wildly at his cousin. The foregoing events had somewhat disturbed his understanding, and he could scarcely believe his ears. At length he suddenly exclaimed: "I will tell you what she has done. She has thrown into the fire a will of my uncle, making me his sole heir, and which I came here to show you."

"What folly you talk! Which will is it of which you would speak with me?"

Mr. Thomas Knoderer could no longer contain himself.

"Aye," cried he, furiously, "I see how it is; you have sent her here on purpose! There is some trick here that I cannot understand. Folly! a folly that will ruin me! But you shall not gain your end! I will go to law—I will go to law. Be off, sir! be off!"

Notwithstanding Mr. Thomas Knoderer's opinion to the contrary, the cat really was *Mia*, whom his cousin had lost. But whence and how had she come to the hotel?

II.

Between Mr. Henry Knoderer and his Strasburg cousin the contrast was most striking—morally as well as physically. The soft pale features of Henry, and a natural grace there was about him, attracted you at first sight. There was an air of abstraction about him which excited interest and sympathy. Possessed of an independent fortune, and united to a young and handsome woman whom he had married for love, he lived a retired life amidst a circle of intimate friends. He was passionately attached to all that seemed honest and generous-hearted, confiding to excess, and full of noble faith and amiable illusions. One thing alone was wanting to complete his happiness; though they had been married three years, they had as yet had no children.

Henry was not fond of the society of the world; his tastes were literary and for the arts. Balls, and assemblies, and conversaziones, were to him inexpressibly tedious. He never found himself so thoroughly happy as when he was in his study amidst his favourite authors. Hoffman, above all, gave him the most pleasure. It would almost seem as if it was in imitation of that singular and most original author, that he had a cat which seemed like a familiar demon. This cat he called *Mia*: wild and savage towards all other persons in the house, she would let no one caress her but him; she would run to him at the sound of his voice, like a faithful dog; she would follow him

from room to room; and when he was engaged in writing, it was her custom to establish herself without ceremony close to his hand, and follow with her eyes the progress of his pen, as though she really understood what he was tracing on the paper. But unhappily these excellent qualities were disfigured by a number of faults. As the favourite of the master, she was the natural enemy of the mistress, and the waiting-maid. Who could find fault with them for this? The importance which she enjoyed, and the protection that was afforded to her on all occasions, were, in their eyes, the most grave of her faults. In short, the household were already at war with *Mia*. On her side, Madame Knoderer entered on the struggle with extraordinary determination. Small and delicate, with fair hair, and languishing airs, she was one of those nervous and irritable females, who, under an appearance of softness, conceal a character of the most despotic kind. Stung by a sense of humiliation at not being able to induce her husband to part with his cat, she began to feel a kind of indescribable jealousy, and, in concert with her confidant, every mean of driving the cat away was put in force, but in vain. Ill-treatment, hunger, blows, all were unavailing; *Mia* only became more cross-grained, and, at the same time, more dear to her master.

"Would you believe, Mons. d'Anvilliers," said Madame Knoderer, one morning, "would you believe that my husband actually takes part against me on behalf of that frightful cat of his? Can anything be more unkind or unreasonable?"

Now M. d'Anvilliers was a young man of about seven-and-twenty, already noted for his affairs of gallantry—was Henry's most intimate friend. In that capacity he ought to have defended him; but never calculate on your intimate friends!

"Indeed, madam, what you say surprises me! Such conduct is very ungallant indeed. But cannot something be done?"

And Madame Knoderer took counsel with M. d'Anvilliers against her enemy. The result of the advice he gave was that *Mia* disappeared. We have seen that chance, or an instinct, directed her to the hotel, and we know the rest. The result was, that after an ineffectual lawsuit, during which all the facts relative to the destruction of the paper by the cat were put in evidence, Thomas Knoderer failed, and Henry became the possessor of his original half-share of his uncle's property, and as he had never believed in the existence of the other will, he felt no compunction whatever in enjoying it. In spite, however, of his accession of fortune, he still retained the original simplicity of his habits. Not so, however, with his wife. Her additional opulence, and it might be also, insidious counsels, had perverted her mind and her heart. She dragged her husband from ball to ball, and from fête to fête, yet the more she plunged into dissipation, the more she seemed discontented with herself and every one else. Henry loved her too deeply to be jealous; in a mind like his, love consists in confidence; he submitted without reproach to her caprices and ill-tempers, finding always consolation in his books. *Mia* was a more constant companion than ever. Her adventure with the will had of course become known, and there were not wanting persons who surmised that it was something more than a mere coincidence. The consequence

was, that she was regarded with somewhat of a superstitious fear; and to be feared is, in this world, to be powerful.

Meanwhile, the number of her enemies was augmented. M. d'Anvilliers had joined the league against her. *Mia* appeared, by some instinct, to know that he was the author of her dismissal; and however far off he might be, whenever she saw him she invariably arched up her back and growled, as though conscious of the presence of her mortal enemy.

One day, some time after these last events, Henry entered the boudoir of his wife, carrying a small parcel, very carefully wrapped up. He had been contriving one of those surprises which so gratify the sex. Madame had the night before admired a splendid set of diamonds, and her husband had now come to present them to her. Affected by this little instance of marital gallantry, she received him with tears;—there was nothing particular in that! Even *Mia* herself, who had timidly followed her master, was kindly received. She was even caressed; but whether it was that she did not deem these caresses sincere, or that she still retained a lively sense of the favours formerly received from the same hand, she obstinately refused to acknowledge them; and when Madame Knoderer with a gentle violence endeavoured to hold her on her knee, she quickly resented the advance by imprinting her claws in the lady's arm.

The latter uttered a sharp cry of pain and alarm; all her past hatred revived. A sudden thought seized her—she determined to seize the opportunity to vanquish her enemy, if possible, for ever. Already the blood that had flowed from the slight wound had stained the muslin of her sleeve: she pretended to faint, and allowed herself to sink as if insensible. As Henry instantly endeavoured to relieve her, she smiled within herself at the awkwardness with which he attempted to unlace her. She prolonged purposely her fit, in order afterwards to make it a powerful weapon against her enemy. * * * *

Suddenly she aroused herself as if a viper had stung her. In the endeavours of Henry to disembarass her of her dress, a note fell on the floor—a note which she had received only half an hour before. The imprudent woman had forgotten it. In her endeavours to destroy poor *Mia*, she had destroyed herself! It was an awful moment. She turned pale—a cloud seemed to pass before her eyes—she felt her reason going; yet by one vigorous effort she stooped (slowly, and not without affectation) to pick up the note. But Henry had already seized it.

"Henry!" said she, in a voice which scarcely concealed her agitation, "give me that note, I beg of you."

"It is D'Anvilliers' writing, I believe," observed he with indifference; "I am curious to know what he can have to say to you;" and he turned the note again and again in his hands.

"The note, Henry, the note!" she murmured faintly, holding out her hand; but he gently pushed back her arm, and prepared to read the paper with an air of gaiety. At the first words he started, his aspect became discomposed; he was seized with a convulsive trembling, and his knees seemed about to fail him. A terrible blow had struck him to the heart. He passed his hands across his eyes, and

continued to read. Madame Knoderer lay prostrate on the ground. When he had done reading, he remained for a while dismayed. Gradually the horrid truth found its way into his soul. Again he read a few words of the letter, then folded it slowly and in silence, and turned to depart.

"Henry!" shrieked the wretched wife, striving to catch hold of his vestments. He abashed her with a glance, and hastening to his study, locked the door, and threw himself into a seat.

"My God! my God!" he murmured, in a voice broken by an overpowering emotion.

III.

Henry Knoderer possessed a country-house at St. Mandé, close to the park of Vincennes. It was a retreat solitary and silent. Thither he went, after having signified to his wife that they were separated for ever. Here he would for a time conceal his despair from the eyes of man, and take those steps which his position rendered necessary. There is a class of men, of a kind of stoical firmness, whom the contempt which they entertain for the world, or the respect which they have for themselves, sustains in times of great trial. They carry what the world imputes to them as dishonour with a proud front, and they disdain to take revenge. There are others, more weak or more passionate, who rebel against their fate, like the animal that bites the wound the shot has made; such men have recourse to the duel—that reparation which repairs nothing—that justice of arms, which is still more iniquitous than the justice of the world!

A few days after his arrival, at seven in the morning, a *voiture* drew up before the house at St. Mandé. The two men who stepped from it found Henry ready to accompany them, fatigued by a sleepless night, but calm and resolved. The hours which immediately precede a duel are solemn ones. Henry had employed them to dispose of his property. One portion he devoted to the purposes of charity; the remainder was to go to Mr. Thomas Knoderer. He reserved, however, an annual provision for her who had been his wife; and the fate of *Mia* was not forgotten, she being provided for with an old lady whom he had often secretly aided, and who was happy in being able to receive this last legacy, this last remembrance of her benefactor.

These dispositions made, he calmly considered the chances which he was about to run. Life had no longer any charms for him, and he cared not therefore if he lost it. Should he fall, there would be one source of remorse the more for the man who had deceived him. If he was not fated to avenge himself, the world would avenge him. He accompanied his seconds to the ground, which was a place partly cleared on the skirts of the neighbouring wood. On one side of it ran the wall of the neighbouring cemetery. In summer it was all shaded by the foliage of the trees; but this being the month of January, their branches extended like arms of gigantic skeletons in the frozen air. There was a solemnity in the scene that suited the awful purpose for which the antagonists had met. Concealed in a neighbouring avenue of the wood was a conveyance that was destined to carry the remains of one of them, perhaps of both.

The preparations were soon made. Henry had of right the choice of weapons;—sword or pistol were alike indifferent to him, as in the whole course of his life he had never had occasion to use either. He left it to chance, and chance befriended him by deciding for the sword. While this was going on, his adversary affected quite an air of ease, even of gaiety. He was celebrated for his *sang-froid* and address with his weapon; and the consciousness of this superiority imparted to his manner an assurance which might have been taken for courage. He spoke often, and his words were brief and abrupt. The adversaries were at length prepared, and the combat commenced. Henry was possessed of that natural bravery which the sense of danger arouses; and to a man of vigour and agility, animated by the energy of resentment, the sword is always a dangerous weapon. It more nearly equalizes the chances. Henry was neither tall nor strong; but the pliability of his body, the agility of his movements, the precision of his eye, and the firmness of his nerves, compensated to a great extent for his total want of experience. D'Anvilliers, who had expected to overcome him almost at the beginning of the fight, appeared totally put out by the strangeness of his mode of attack. Henry, although already wounded in the shoulder, kept the eyes of his adversary constantly on the watch, and by the rapidity of his unskilful passes continually endangered him. D'Anvilliers tried in vain to disarm him, so he allowed him gradually to dissipate his strength. Perfectly collected, and with his arm shortened, he watched all his movements, and awaited the moment for the plunge. It seemed likely to occur very shortly. Suddenly, however, his ear was struck by a sound which appeared to come from among the frozen evergreens on the wall: he looked, and before him, at a few paces distant, he saw two glaring green eyes. It was *Mia*, who was crouching there and watching him intently. His glance was but for an instant, yet in spite of all the pre-occupation of the combat, he could not avoid the consciousness that those two glaring eyes were fixed on him. The cat had scaled the garden-wall and followed in the traces of her master. He was not aware that she was there, but D'Anvilliers, disturbed by her presence, yielded to a species of irresistible fascination. Singular recollections rushed into his mind. The strange part taken by that extraordinary animal in the destruction of the will, and the discovery of his own note, returned to his memory. His arm began to lose its nerve, his eyes became less keen, foam appeared on his lip. One of his seconds saw his disturbed state, and endeavoured to drive *Mia* away. Meanwhile, Henry redoubled his efforts—he pressed his attack, multiplied his passes, and D'Anvilliers was soon pierced to the heart. All help was unavailing: he was dead.

* * * *

Escorted home by his seconds, Henry became a prey to the thousand remorse which will attack the successful duellist, be his cause what it may. He buried his face in his hands. When he again raised his head, his eyes encountered those of *Mia*, who squatted before him and looked at him with a fixed gaze. An unaccountable trembling seized him, as though he beheld a supernatural vision. He became animated by a kind of fear almost amounting to madness.

“What want you with me?” cried he, wildly. “Are you my good

or my evil genius? They say that it was by you I was made rich—but fortune is now nothing to me! It was by your means that I discovered the infidelity of my wife—and now, although married, I am for ever deprived of the joys of a home! It was by your means, they tell me, that I succeeded in escaping the sword of my adversary—but I desired not to live after I had revenged myself!" * * *

IV.

In the vicinity of Saint Mandé you will occasionally meet a man who, although still young, bears on his face the marks of sadness. When a beggar asks charity as he passes, he will at first deny him with harshness; but soon you will see his aspect soften and his hand open, as though the natural benevolence of his heart overcame all doubt and unkindness. He avoids all communion with his neighbours, nor has he any one in his house but an old female who attends on him. Those, however, who on one pretext or other have obtained admission to him, say that he is always attended by a cat, from which he cannot separate himself, and of which he seems (they say) to entertain a kind of fear. The bitterness with which he speaks also struck them. It seemed as though he desired to strip the actions of men of all their pretended motives of honour, and to discover the baser ones by which they were really dictated. The remembrance of some injury received seems to occupy and to torment him, and he appears to nourish his grief, as though he desired to envenom the wound he has received. Such a man never forgets! Such a man never forgives! * * *

As for Mr. Thomas Knoderer, he soon got over the loss of the will, and he is now as keen a sportsman, and as complete a *bon-vivant* as ever.

F.

 THE DRUID'S DEATH.

THE scene was Mona. A majestic wood
 Raised its huge columns, like some massive pile,
 And formed a temple vast, with many an aisle
 Of grandeur, such as eye hath seldom viewed.
 Beneath those broad tree-tops, in verdure clad,
 (For it was summer) lay an ancient man,
 Amid a standing group—all silent, sad,
 Gazing upon his face, so pale and wan.

They were all druids, and *he*, once their chief,
 Was fading fast from earth and earthly things,
 Borne upon death's black, never failing wings,
 While they beheld in mute, but heart-sprung grief.
 How reverend looked he, as his form reclined
 Beneath the sacred oak that stood erect
 In stately splendour; while around it twined
 The mistletoe, and its wide branches decked!

Among the group unbroken silence reigns,
 Until the dying man, in feeble tone,

That told too plainly how all strength had flown,
Spoke—while the last life-drops flowed in his veins;
“ I thank you, brothers ! ye have brought me here,
To rest once more beneath this holy shade,
And spend my few remaining moments near
Yon sacred altar, where so oft we prayed.

“ I love to look upon this spot once more,
Though no regret I feel that I depart ;
Still it has long been cherished in my heart,
And carries memory back to days of yore.
Farewell to groves whose leaves are doom'd to die !
I quit them for celestial groves above ;
For scenes where endless charms shall meet the eye,
And souls in brightest realms of bliss shall rove.

“ Farewell to all ! ” in weaker voice he said ;
“ Farewell, my friends ! we all shall meet again,
Where there is found no sorrow, death, nor pain.
Farewell ! farewell ! ”—his struggling soul had fled.
* * * * *

They buried him beneath the emerald sod,
While towering o'er him branches widely spread
Of oaks—the temple where he praised *his* God,
And where he lay in sweet repose when dead.

JAMES J. SCOTT.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM A SCOTCH CONTRIBUTOR.

THE VETO OR INTRUSION COMMOTION IN THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

THE kirk of Scotland, which was charged two or three centuries ago by her foes, and even by neutrals, with being very bigoted, violent, and insurrectionary, has for above a century till now been noted for its peaceableness, moderation, mildness, and liberality. But all of a sudden, within the last ten years, a spirit of a different cast has been generated, which, if not checked, will either ruin it, or render it as unchristian in spirit and influence as it was in violent times.

This every friend to Scotland, to Britain, to the British empire, must lament. It was very much the quiet, sober, moderate, liberal, and national character of the Scottish clergy, produced by the results of the Patronage Act, as it was called, of 1711, which has had so excellent an influence among the Scots, as to render them well entitled to the character given them by the late Lord Liverpool, and which has been quoted more than once by the Duke of Wellington. He reckoned them among the best conditioned people in the world.

It is to overthrow this act, which has done so much to benefit Scotland and improve her temper, the party, since 1832, predominant in the general assembly of her church, has put itself forward so boldly, and has succeeded in raising so general and violent an agitation.

The question which this party has gotten up is not a mere local one. It is essentially connected with ecclesiastical polity, or church government in general. A leader of the party has said, that perhaps not a dozen in the two houses know what the question at issue really was. I am inclined to think he himself, though a chief agitator in it, does not fully know it, or, at least, is not fully aware of the consequence involved in it. Lord Aberdeen, in his very able statement, has no doubt made it better known to many. And the observations made by Lord Brougham, in assisting to give the decision on it, in the legal sense, which were clear, comprehensive, and satisfactory, must have made the legal view clear to every lawyer, as well as to every politician who has attended to it.

In order to be able to come to a correct and satisfactory opinion respecting any question, we must first know what it really is. Among my Southern friends (indeed, I cannot except my Northern ones), I have found as few, who understood what had been productive of such agitation in the North, as Dr. Chalmers found among our senators. I shall, therefore, endeavour to lay it fully and fairly before my readers; and it is for them to say, whether they agree with me or not in my opinion respecting the policy of the law as it at present is, and what the agitators want to have it.

As to the mere legality of the matter, indeed, there can now no longer be any doubt. That has been decided by the competent authority. And nothing can now change it but an act of the three estates of our legislature.

The Scottish Act of 1592, which settled this portion of ecclesiastical polity in the Reformed Church of Scotland, provided that presentations to benefices should be directed to the particular presbyteries, and that "the foresaid presbyteries be *bound* and *restricted* to receive *quhatsoever qualified minister* presented be (by) his majesty or laick persons."

This is the foundation of the existing law. The Scottish presbyterian church, on the restoration of Charles the Second, who made so bad a use of the lesson taught him by his previous sufferings, was, to say it quietly,—and the question does not require us to go into this very unpleasant matter,—completely abolished for the time. At the Revolution, that church was restored; and in 1690, the act of 1592 was revived, except as to patronage. The rights of patrons were abolished, and it was provided that in future vacancies the *heritors* of the parish, being protestants, and the *elders*, should name a person to be presented to the people, who, if they disapproved of the person, should state the reason of their dissent, the truth and relevancy of which were to be determined by the presbytery of the bounds.

By this act, though the privilege of individual patrons was taken away, a popular election was by no means substituted. A few of the wealthiest and most responsible persons of the parish were placed in the room of the single patron.

The *heritors* are the holders of land in the parish, who paid the minister. For they pay *tiend*, that is tithe, or what was converted from tithe into a regular rent-charge, consisting of a quantity of victual or corn, at the price fixed according to the *fiars*, or the average prices

settled, I believe, yearly—of a similar kind as the rent-charge so properly, though so late (above two centuries after the Scotch) adopted by us Britons of the South.

The *elders* are a small select body of the most respectable, sober, staid, and pious parishioners, who are willing to undertake the office. They are not absolutely fixed in number, at least in practice; but I think they do not exceed twelve. They form the kirk session of the parish for managing its ecclesiastical matters, supplying the poor, &c. They assist the minister in performing the duties of his office, and even in administering the Lord's Supper. They do all, I think, but preach.

These two respectable and responsible bodies, the payers of the minister (for the other classes, except under particular circumstances, pay not a farthing to him or the church) and his select assistants to be, named the candidate. But though they submitted his name to the parishioners, this body had not the power of electing. They had no choice. They could only approve or object. But their objections had no value till the reasons assigned for them were determined by the presbytery.

A *presbytery* in Scotland consists of a number of neighbouring ministers. The number in practice varies from four up to twenty-one; but, on the average, the number of its members is about ten or twelve.

There was no choice in the people at all under that law. They could object upon reason given, but no more. The presbytery of ministers determined the question as to qualification, and whether the objections, if any, were or were not good. The election was thus in the small body of the heritors or payers, and the elders.

This middle plan, as usual, though somewhat fair-looking in theory, seems to have satisfied no party, and gave rise to such inconveniences in practice, that the original Scottish Act of 1592, respecting the appointment of ministers, was restored by the British parliament in 1711.

By this act, which is the existing law, the presbytery is bound to receive the person presented by the patron, if found qualified. The patron has the power or privilege of selecting and presenting; but then the person presented must, and most properly too, in every point of view, be fit and qualified for the office. The ancient book *Regiam Majestatem*, of high authority, expresses this qualifiedness correctly and completely. "When a church is vacant, let the patron present ane worthy man, qualified in life, literature, morals, and manners."

I now put it to any reasonable person, whether this law does not necessarily imply the exclusion of all elective power in the parishioners, as an element of qualifiedness to be tried and determined by the presbytery. The establishing the *right of a patron in one person*, in opposition to the late law, which gave it to the heritors and elders, annihilates at once all claim to choice in any other person or persons. And this was intended expressly by the supporters of the law at its passing in 1711, and understood by its opponents. It was the express cause of the opposition of the latter.

The patron has fully the power or privilege of selecting the teacher,

of whom, by the way, he is generally the chief payer; but then the person selected by him must be a qualified teacher, one fit for his sacred office. This is the full and proper limit and check to his privilege. And who is appointed by the law to be the judge of the qualifiedness? Neither he nor his friends, on the one hand, nor the parishioners on the other, but the presbytery; a body of approved ministers, who have already in their turn undergone, and satisfactorily passed, the same trial by persons properly qualified.

I have elsewhere fully shown that the species of property set apart for the established or national clergy in England and Scotland is a real property of their churches; but it is a conditional property. It is, in its very nature, connected with, or based upon, the performance of certain duties. The holders of it must be found fully qualified for performing those duties by a competent and appointed authority. This exists in the bishops of England, and the presbyteries of Scotland. The patrons have the right to select and present a person fit for the cure of the parish, and the enjoyment of its appropriated property; and if the person so presented be found qualified, the property of the cure becomes his for life, or while he performs the duties of it.

And now how stand matters? After this sound and excellent law had existed for about a hundred and twenty years, and produced such desirable effects in liberalising and moderating the national temper, promoting candid inquiry, checking bigotry, and generating a more Christian spirit, a predominant party* in the general assembly of the Church of Scotland carried a measure, which was calculated to set aside this law, and to produce, both directly and indirectly, the contrary effects. In supplying a vacant parish, a *veto* was set up by the party on the part of the parishioners.

In May, 1834, Lord Moncrieff moved that "The general assembly — do declare, that it is a fundamental law of this church that no pastor shall be intruded on any congregation contrary to the will of the people; and that, in order to carry this principle into full effect, the presbyteries of the church shall be instructed, that if at the moderation, in a call to a vacant pastoral charge, the major part of the male heads of families, members of the vacant congregation, and in full communion with the church, shall disapprove of the person in whose favour the call is proposed to be moderated in, such disapproval shall be deemed sufficient ground for the presbytery rejecting such person, and that he shall be rejected accordingly, and due notice thereof given to all concerned; but that if the major part of the said heads of families shall not disapprove of such person to be their pastor, the presbytery shall proceed with the settlement according to the rules of the church; and further declare, that no person shall be held to be entitled to disapprove as aforesaid, who shall refuse, if required, solemnly to declare, in presence of other presbyteries, that he is actuated by no factious motive, but solely by a conscientious regard to the spiritual interest of himself or congregation." This was carried by a majority of 46, or 184 to 138.

* I do not enter into the question, whether in the number of the party voting in the assembly or in the presbyteries on the appeal of the assembly to them, some did not vote whom it is doubtful whether the law recognizes as legitimate voters.

And yet what was the decision of the assembly in 1836, two years after this strange innovation on the law and custom of the church, on the motion of Dr. Thomson, which brought the question of patronage, and its merits or demerits, expressly and fully before it, or "that patronage is a grievance, and ought to be abolished?" It gave a direct negative to this proposition! It decided that patronage is not a grievance, and that it ought not to be abolished, by no less a majority than 211, or by 301 to 90. So much for consistency!

Some, in defiance of the law making the patron the sole selector, have said that the approbation of or election by the majority of the parishioners forms an item of the legal qualifiedness. This is truly absurd; such an item deprives the patron or the chief payer of the privilege to select, which the very conferring of such a privilege on one, as I have before noticed, necessarily implies. Give the selection to the majority of the parishioners, or to any portion of them, or give them a veto, or a power to reject the presentee, and you strip the patron of his privilege.

In fact, such a person would be no more a patron, or a selector of the minister, of whom he is the chief payer, than the poorest man of the congregation, and who does not pay a penny to the church or to the income of the minister. This person could present, if presentation mean no more than naming a candidate for others to elect; and if the majority approved, he and the majority would be the electors, and the chief payer would have no selection whatever. The man whom the law made the selector, and who was the chief payer of the teacher, would find his choice rejected.

The vetoists have compared the case of the general assembly, as an acknowledged body in the nation, in disobeying the national legislature, to that of the Queen's Bench acting in opposition to the House of Commons. But without going into the question, whether the Queen's Bench had really the right of refusing to attend to a privilege of the Commons, or not, it is not a case in point. The privilege claimed by the House was assumed by it for carrying on its official duties, but had not been granted by a law of the three estates. But the general assembly disobeys an acknowledged law so enacted. Its disobedience, therefore, is what that of the Queen's Bench would be now, since the privilege in question has been sanctioned by these three estates, and consequently made, like the act of patronage, strictly legal. To refuse now to comply with it, the Attorney-General stated in the House, would expose the judges to an impeachment.

The veto party also contend, that the majority of the general assembly have the power to adopt what they in their conscience consider to be right with respect to religion; and that to yield obedience to what the state enacts, but which they in conscience consider wrong, is to obey man, and disobey God. They are responsible to the author of our religion; and should the secular authority differ from the spiritual, they are bound, as the teachers of true religion, to adhere to the latter.

This is entirely to mistake the nature of an established system of religion, and the circumstances in which established ministers are necessarily and strictly placed according to the plan of English and

Scottish ecclesiastical polity. I do not mean at all to enter here on the question, which I certainly think of great importance, and which I have fully considered in a work of mine on "*Ecclesiastical Polity*," whether a Christian state, in establishing by law the Christian religion, should constitute the Bible itself the confession of its ministers, as a national church is meant to include all, however different in their tempers, views, and opinions; or else in the mode of dissenters, who are bodies of voluntaries that associate for promoting the teaching of certain tenets, some particular or sectarian system drawn from it by learned ministers appointed by the state; or whether the former or latter plan be most consistent with the grand Protestant principle of self-inquiry and individual responsibility. For this makes no element of the veto question. It is sufficient that the latter plan has been adopted by both the English and Scottish legislatures. The thirty-nine articles have been constituted the legal confession of the English church; and the confession of faith, called the Westminster, as being drawn up by the assembly of divines, who met at Westminster, in 1643, which was approved by the Scottish general assembly in 1647, and was established by the parliament in 1649, and 1690, is the confession of the Scottish church. It is a system of high Calvinism, and does not differ in the main points with the original confession of the Reformed Church of Scotland, ratified by the three Scottish estates in 1560, but it is more systematical, minute, and precise.

With respect to these two confessions, whether Scotch or English, I ask, on what authority do they rest as to being the systems to be taught by the established ministers of England or of Scotland? I do not at all inquire into their containing the doctrines of Christ and his apostles, for the ministers who subscribe or assent to them assume this. But is it on the authority of either the present clergymen of England, bishops and curates, or the general assembly in Scotland, that they are to be taught in the churches of England and Scotland? No. Or is it even on the authority of the appointed clergymen who originally drew them up? No. This legal authority depends entirely on the enactments of the three estates in the two kingdoms, which gave them the force of law.

Now the clergymen who have assented to them, and been admitted on this condition to the benefits and privileges of members of these national churches, have thus entered into a solemn contract to teach these doctrines, thus legally enacted. And I have not the slightest doubt, that if a charge were made, and proved, against a member of either church for teaching a doctrine or doctrines contrary to these authorized or legal ones, no judge in either country, who found the charge of this breach of contract proved, could avoid declaring him guilty of a breach of this solemn contract, in consequence of his disobeying the act of the legislature or state which grants him his wages or income. Far am I, indeed, from supposing that, at this time of day, the protestant government of our country would for one moment listen without abhorrence and contempt to any suggestion for attempting to punish such breaches of trust. Still they are breaches of trust by the statute law.

Among all that the vetoist party have so daringly ventured of late,—

and they have dared boldly,—have they dared to add to or take away from these state-authorized articles, or even to alter one of them? Or could they? Or can they? No. They all believe, at least professedly, what the state has required and authorized them to believe. Where, then, is their independence on the state as a church, even with respect *to faith*? They individually, and their churches, believe as the state has directed. Their confession is that of the state.

I am speaking here of the ministers of our two churches, not of the people. The latter are under no such terms with respect to these confessions, and whether they receive them fully or not, they commit no breach of trust. The Bishop of London lately stated in the House of Lords, that “the subscription to the articles was not required from all the members of our church, but from the ministers of the church:” and when I lived in Scotland, it was practically so there also—at least in the south.

If, then, the church ministers of England and Scotland receive their authority for teaching certain law-enacted doctrines, *even of faith*, from the state, and for teaching which they enjoy the law-allowed stipends, what becomes of all the high-flying talk of our veto-folks in the general assembly, and out of it, about Erastianism and such like, in the case of mere civil rights connected with the church? Who gives these servants of the state, and who have entered into a contract to serve it, in order to receive wages for their honest service, the right or privilege of intermeddling with the civil rights granted by the state?

But they are “dethroning Christ,” by giving way to the enactments of the state alluded to, some of the higher flying veto-men tell us. That is for their own private consideration. They have entered as teachers of religion into the English and Scottish churches, according to the systems established by the state; they are paid by the state for that service, and they must perform that service, and give due obedience to what it has commanded them to do. They should have considered, before they entered, whether they could conscientiously comply with the law; and if they could not, there was no legal force constraining them, and they ought not to have entered. Or if they find, after they have entered, that the obedience which the law requires them to give, is not consistent with the duty they owe to the author of Christianity, they, as responsible men, should withdraw, and let other teachers who entertain no such opinion take their place, and honestly earn their pay.

Dissenters are under no such obligation to the state, for they receive not its wages. They are, nevertheless, under a similar one to their congregations; and if they should change their opinions, they also should withdraw.

I find that the high-charactered and consistent sect, the seceders, the most numerous class of dissenters in Scotland, disapprove of the state's prescribing a confession of faith, or form of church government. They say, “This is to be left to the church, and it is an invasion of the liberty of the spiritual and independent kingdom of Christ for the state to prescribe either to her.” But the question here arises, Who or what is the church? What enables any body of ministers to take upon itself, as a church, the power of prescribing a confession of faith

or form of government? These dissenters and the vetoists will find it somewhat difficult to answer that very simple question in a consistency with their views.

As to the civil form of church government, the author of Christianity has prescribed no form. Every state, therefore, has the power to prescribe one if it chooses; but no body of ministers can have such a power of a compulsive nature, unless the state grant it.

Neither has Christ or his apostles prescribed any systematic form of faith or creed. What right, then, on the grand Christian and protestant principle of individual responsibility with respect to belief, has any body of ministers, by merely calling itself the church, to form a system of articles, that must be believed, more than the state?

Among the Romanists, who deny the right of individuals to judge for themselves concerning faith, and who assume as a fundamental doctrine, that their ministers alone, whom they view as the only church, must decide and dictate as to faith, or what men are to believe, the church indeed has fully such a power to form and impose a system of articles, whether really scriptural or not, for the true faith. But the protestant principle, in accordance with Scripture, rejects any such wild power in clergymen as much as in laics.

That the state may require the aid of the ministers of its acknowledged church to draw from the sacred writings the main doctrines taught in them, but as much as possible in their own words, and free from all sectarian technical terms, is most reasonable. If this be done, not for imposing them on the people as what must be believed on their authority, but for the instruction of the great body, the most pure protestant, and who carries out the fundamental principle of protestantism to the fullest extent, will not, I think, object. But on that principle neither state nor church can do more.

On looking again into the "Testimony" of this intelligent sect, I find that, though they view the articles which their ministers have drawn up, as if they were as entirely true as the Romish church has declared theirs to be, they are not quite so dogmatic as that self-supposed infallible church. They adhere to the Westminster confession of faith and catechisms; but they say, "We declare that we receive them neither as equal to, nor in place of, the Holy Scriptures, but in subordination to them. The Holy Scriptures are the supreme rule, according to which the confession of faith and catechisms themselves are to be tried and judged.—So by declaring our adherence to the said confession and catechisms, we do not consider ourselves as either precluded from embracing further light, as it may arise from the Word of God, or as bound to continue our adherence to any thing in them, if it should be found unscriptural."

This shows alike sound sense, and the true protestant and scriptural spirit: and it will be admitted and acted upon by all true protestants. Be forms of articles of belief drawn up by whom they may, neither state nor church can, with due deference to the protestant principle and to the Scriptures, make them more than deductions drawn from the latter, and submitted to individuals, whether clerical or laical, to be received only so far as they appear to each actually to agree with Scripture.

This sect, though they disapprove of patronage, view the claim of the veto party in the general assembly to be unfounded. One of them, a lawyer, in a letter to me some weeks ago, speaking of the question in such warm discussion in the north, says, "The idea of a state church independent on the state which gives it civil support, is one of the most foolish vagaries ever conceived."

From this full and fair statement of the case, I think it will appear perfectly clear, that the competent courts to answer the question respecting the claim of the vetoists,—to wit, the Court of Session, and the House of Lords,—in deciding such a claim to be illegal, have given a just decision.

I regret to have to say that the practical operation of this setting aside the law of the land by an usurped power has been exhibited in a most repulsive, but at the same time impressive and consistent, manner, by suspending seven clergymen of Strathbogie, some of them of great age, and long standing, and all able, pious, and most worthy ministers. And for what? Because they obeyed, like honest men, the law under which they hold their appointment, and from which they derived their stipends. Nay, more, the predominant party threaten these faithful men ultimately with deposition, if they do not join them in openly disobeying the declared law of the country.

I will not expatiate on the sending persons to perform the parochial ministerial offices in the parishes of these honest ministers, in consequence of their having done their duty to the state and to their country. Nor will I say what I think of such clergymen as would undertake such an intrusion. Such outrageous measures, such odious and pernicious intrusion, by the non-intruders forsooth, so like the style of our most rabid radicals and chartists, though some of the leaders affect to be conservatives, I, some years ago, would have considered to be utterly incredible, indeed impossible, if predicated of the clergy of Scotland. It really approaches to an overt act of rebellion. It is of no value to say that the predominant party are acting from conscience. The Highland chiefs in *the* Forty-five acted from what they conscientiously thought their duty. And here a body of men are actually, in open defiance of the law, inflicting most severe injury on loyal subjects, because they are faithful to the law of their country. I do not wonder that such strange reckless and outrageous conduct has made some here revive the old prejudice, that *Jack Presbyter is Peter Papist in a homelier garb. Only give either power, and—*. But enough of this. It has given me, as a sincere wellwisher of the church of Scotland, much real pain. To persist in such odious persecution under the circumstances shows sheer wrongheadedness, real infatuation approaching to lunacy.

In matters of discipline and mere ecclesiastical management, our legislature does not interfere, and ought not. It assumes that the established clergy in general will act as pious, moral, sensible men, and with a due regard to what the sacred writer recommends. In the case of any minister disqualifying himself after he has been admitted, it leaves them to punish him according to their custom; but in no case contrary to express law; and certainly not to the vetoists of the

general assembly to depose the seven faithful, though persecuted, ministers of Strathbogie.

The question concerning the veto claim has now been fully explained and answered. But there is a question arising out of it which requires consideration. Though the mode adopted by the predominant party be actually illegal at present, ought it to be made legal by the three estates? That is, would it be for the benefit of the Scottish nation, that patronage should be abolished, and either the election implied by the veto plan, or an open one, adopted in its room. This is a serious question, and one of deep import, not to the church of Scotland only, but to all other established churches.

In my work on "Ecclesiastical Polity," I, of course, entered fully into the question of a national church establishment, and a voluntary system, and also of the question proposed, which is intimately connected with the former. There is no occasion for discussing here the question of a church establishment. I shall merely quote the general conclusion, which I consider strictly demonstrated.

1. "The good of a community depends essentially on the great mass of its people being influenced by sound religious motives. A state, therefore, is bound by a just regard for itself to have, as far as it is in its power, pure religion, or genuine religious principles, embraced by, and consequently taught to, its people.

2. "But in the case of virtue and religion, the demand and the supply are in states directly opposite to that in which they are found in other cases; or in the inverse ratio—*the greater the need for the supply of these, the less is the demand for them.*

3. "The voluntary system of supply, with respect to religion and virtue, is thus utterly vicious and unfit. The nation must, therefore, as a state, do that for the great mass, which [they will not do for themselves."

I saw a national church establishment, some forty years ago, in so serious a light, that in those warlike times I sometimes expressed my opinion with respect to the church of England and the church of Scotland in this military strain,—that, if "necessary, I would carry a bayonet for both." And, after all the additional experience I have obtained since then, I am as strongly as ever of the same opinion, though perhaps not quite so warlike. Yet what will appear singular, after this statement, I was bred up a dissenter, and in one of the strictest of all sects, the Seceders of Scotland, of whom my father was an elder, and a leading one. Ere I was twenty, of my own free choice I dissented from dissenterism. Yet, though I dissented from them, I cherished not the slightest hostility towards them. I differ from them in various points, but I consider them one of the highest charactered and most consistent sects in Christendom. And I believe they do much good in their way. I found much intelligence among them, even in those of the lower rank. And what in the south we should think rather extraordinary of dissenters, when I lived among them, there were few who were not loyal and warm friends of government. My father was a high ministerialist, and one of the most loyal men in the British empire. The Reverend Adam Gib, of Edinburgh,

who had the same influence among them as his cotemporary Dr. Robertson, the historian, had in the church—indeed, he was called the Pope of the Secession—was eminently loyal. And Mr. Young, a minister of theirs at Hawick, during the revolutionary mania in this country imported from the French Revolution, published one of the best refutations of the British Jacobin vagaries, which government took up, and of which above ten thousand copies were sold. Such is my regard for this sect, that, though a staunch friend on principle to a church establishment, while I pay as a small heritor to the Scottish church, and pay also to the English church, and with pleasure, I pay with pleasure likewise to these dissenters. Since the death of my father, I have paid as he paid, and I mean to continue so to assist them.

But to our question. The conclusions in the same work, with respect to the election of the teachers of religion, which were come to without any particular reference to the present local question, were these:—

4. "The mass of a community consists of the lower, more uneducated, ignorant, and prejudiced classes. It cannot, therefore, be a fit chooser of the teachers of religion and virtue. Popular election is thus injurious, and to be avoided. The choice ought to be in a patron, or a small number of educated and responsible men.

5. "No candidate can be, or ought to be, eligible, unless found fit, or fully qualified in point of education, talents, morals, and manners, for a religious teacher, by a proper examiner or examiners: for example, a bishop, as in England, or a presbytery of ministers, as in Scotland. But, if he be found fully qualified, the nomination is, on the whole, best in a patron, who is the chief contributor to his support."

These further deductions also appear to me demonstrable. And of themselves, without the previous one, they afford a decisive reason for a national church establishment; for such an establishment is requisite to deliver a nation from the evils of a popular election, or the election by a mere majority of number, without regard to *qualification* in the electors.

Now the principle of the veto implies the abrogation of the rights of the patron, and establishing a popular election of mere number, in reality, though not ostensibly, and an insidious and worse sort of election than an open one. For the patron having nominally the right of presenting the name of the minister, any candidate who has not his interest, or his friends or partisans, must go round privately to canvass the parishioners, particularly the lower, because the most numerous and most easily come-at-able, and endeavour to win the males, (but by no means neglecting the females,) in order to get up a majority to oppose and to deprive the patron of his choice. And who are likely to be successful in this underhand business, and among the most numerous portion? The honest, independent candidate has little or no chance in such a case. The crouchers, flatterers, ranters, highflyers, &c. and their partisans, would, in nine cases out of ten, get up a majority against the patron, and ultimately in favour of themselves.

The veto plan is thus nothing less than a popular election by the

greater number, without regard to the qualification of electors. It, therefore, overthrows the second decisive reason for a national establishment; for the proper object of it, and what is intended by the government and wise of the nation, is to procure fit teachers of religion, or mild, rational, and liberal men.

The principle of election by a *majority of mere number*, without respect to qualification in the electors, as I have elsewhere fully shown, is an absurd, vicious, barbarous, and rotten principle. It is only calculated, from the unfitness of the great mass of men to select, to counteract the proper intention of electing, and to make an improper, a bad choice. What would be the character of the ministers of the church of Scotland, constituted by such electors? They would be at length as bigoted, illiberal, irrational, and wildly factious as they were at her worst times. Is there any sober, thinking, reasonable man, who for a moment would consider the great mass of electors under such a law worthy of being compared with educated, well-informed, liberal, and responsible patrons?

And besides their unfitness for selecting, what right has this mass to claim the privilege of electing the clergyman? They do not pay him. The patron is the chief payer, and sometimes to nearly the whole amount. In Scotland, none of the lower classes pay to the established minister. He is paid by the heritors only.

The case of dissenting clergymen is different. They are paid by volunteers who join to employ him: and as both the rich and poor assist in paying him, all have a fair claim to a vote in selecting him.

Voting either on the underhand veto plan, or the open one, would introduce into the parish, in the case of religion, all the bitter and prominent feuds, factious effects, and other evil consequences of popular elections on a much less extended scale in politics. The results would be most odious, irreligious, and immoral. This is notorious. I shall here quote two cases which I have mentioned in the work on "*Ecclesiastical Polity*," and which fell under my own notice.

Not long after I came to London, which was at the close of 1795, on going into the city, I saw at the brow of Holborn Hill some hackney coaches plying about for voters with great election placards posted on them. I inquired the cause, and I was told there was a severe election going on for a preacher, I think, somewhere in Clerkenwell,—but I did not then know exactly where Clerkenwell was,—and the parishioners were much divided. On one of the coaches I read the very Christian motto—"The Lord Jesus Christ, and the Reverend J. H—— for ever!"

The second example places the case in a very clear and satisfactory light. In September, 1823, I paid a visit to my friend Mr. Preston, who had purchased an estate in Gloucestershire. He was staying at P——, a small town, and I found an election had been going on in it. Mr. W——, a townsman, who dined with us, told me that the election was for a successor to the clergyman, who had died some time before, and that the election was in the householders or pot-wallopers. The candidates were the curate and a Mr. K——. The lower classes were chiefly for the former. After a violent and somewhat riotous struggle for some days, the number of votes for the curate was, he said, 279,

and for the other, 240. A pretty predicament for a clergyman to be in, with such a body of his most respectable parishioners his open, and, as he must consider them, personal opponents. The victorious party, Mr. W—— said, had not trusted altogether to the character and qualifications of their candidate. They opened, I think he said, six public houses in this small town for treating the electors. There were, I saw, still some remains of the election placards on the windows and walls; and Mr. W—— said, among the rest, there was one with—
“Glory to God! S—— for ever!”

Is there any Scotchman, or any Englishman, who can hear of, with patience, such a profanation of religion, and such an insult to Christianity? Or would not the pious and virtuous throughout our island stand forward in one mass to oppose the attempt to subject every parish in its turn to similar scenes?

The highflying party, who have brought forward this wild scheme, I fully believe, can never have thought of its natural, and not only probable, but, with very few exceptions, absolutely certain, consequences, or they would have shuddered to propose it. Can they possibly think that this is the way to promote the spirit of Christianity, the spirit of peace and goodwill among parishioners? or the way to supply them with teachers of the blessed system?

Surely all sober and observing citizens must have seen, too clearly, without going to Hawick, &c., the effects of a much less extensive election in parliamentary and municipal politics, that they should wish to see these feuds in families and among neighbours, with the other demoralizing results of electioneering, carried into religion also; in short, to turn the gospel of peace in every parish into a system of malignance, faction, and feuds, with all their violent, barbarous, and immoral consequences. That the people of Scotland have gained in various points, and particularly in giving her and them the weight to which they are entitled in the state, by the *properly qualified* popular election of their representatives introduced by the Reform law, even though it may have brought some of the evil consequences of popular elections along with it, I fully admit. And no doubt it is from taking advantage of the excitement and the high fanciful notions of election in 1831-2-3, that the leaders of the veto party have gotten many to think, that advantages will be obtained from choosing the teachers of religion, as from choosing their legislators and their municipal officers. But the difference is essential. And while several advantages arise from these two sorts of election, nothing but mischievous and unchristian effects can flow from the first.

All *election* should uniformly imply *selection*; but in how few cases does it do so practically. In regard to teaching in particular, the conjunction is indispensable in order to make the right choice. Who would ever think of making the greater number in all classes, high and low, the electors or selectors of the professors or teachers of any of the sciences? or for selecting our magistrates? or our judges, &c.? How then can any rational being think of making the lowest and most uneducated, who are in every parish the most numerous, the electors, that is, the selectors of the teachers of Christianity? This would be indeed a real intrusion both on common sense and the common good.

But, say the vetoists, we want to bring the election of the ministers more under the power or direction of the church. And how do they propose to do this? Why, by taking away the right of selection from the patron; not to give it to the church, but to the lowest and most unfit of the parishioners! Were the matter not so serious, such a proposition could only raise a laugh at the proposers. Nay, they propose to take away even the power which they themselves or the church already possess by law, to give it to the same precious electors. For though they should find the candidate fully qualified, the majority in number of these electors renders their decision valueless. These have only to declare, that they disapprove of the candidate, honestly, *without assigning any reason!* and the qualifiedness is set aside. Were ever such ignorance and folly displayed by educated men? How unacquainted also, by the way, must they be with human nature, or with the common actings of men, to suppose that a partisan elector's declaring his own opinion to be honest, was of any real value whatever.

Some, indeed, may think, that the ignorance or misconception displayed by these non-intruders in intruding both on the patron's right and their own, and giving up both to a third party, the majority of the parishioners, in order to render the church more completely the dictator of the election, can be at least accounted for on one supposition. The leaders have found, from the good sense of the patrons, that their ambitious party of highflyers, noted as it is both in Scotland and England for a desire to monopolize, have not the means of returning so many of their partisans directly to the ministry as they think they would have indirectly by *managing* the majorities of parishioners.

I think I can now answer the second question as decisively as the first. And the answer is this: The mode of selecting the clergy of Scotland, as at present by law established, is proper in every point of view, and ought not to be altered. On the other side, the underhand mode of selecting by the veto, as well as the selecting by an open election, and a majority of mere numbers, without regard to qualification in the electors, has not one good quality of selecting to recommend it, but has every bad quality to dissuade from it, and would be attended with the most injurious and unchristian results to Scotland.

The patrons are men of education, acting under great responsibility of character, both with respect to their equals, the other heritors, and the people of the parish. It is their interest, and it must be the desire of such men, to see peace prevail among the parishioners, and to please them as far as in their power. They will, therefore, it may be fairly assumed,—and the history of a hundred and twenty years has shown the fact to have been so,—they will nominate moderate men, and men likely to please by their intelligence and benevolent demeanour. The candidates will thus come into the cure without any personal feuds raised against them, and they will have as few against any portions of the parishioners.

The reverse of all this would take place under an election by a majority of number. The great mass in the parish are the most unfit judges. Most of them would object to a candidate for the ministry; because the patron who presented him was, as the case might be, either

a Tory or Whig in politics. The parishioners would be split into excited parties, sometimes nearly equal, as in the case of P——, which I have noticed, with all the usual odious feelings of triumph on the one side, and of defeat on the other. The minister elected would be placed in a wrong and unfortunate position as a teacher. Every election would give rise to party squabbles, and to all the violences, feuds, enmities, and other demoralizing results of election contests.

The power of determining the qualifiedness of the presentee is what the church ought to possess, and it is rightly lodged with the presbytery. This is the proper check or control to the privilege of the patron. From the constitution of the presbytery, and the general character of its members, it may safely be trusted to give a just return. And while a nomination by a majority would virtually destroy this return, the nomination of a patron renders it decisive either for or against the presentation.

I may here take occasion to say, I trust without improperly intruding, that there is one article of qualifiedness, as I view it, and of the greatest value in a public teacher of religion, which, if we may judge from effects, has not been attended to very effectively by either our bishops or presbyteries. This is *clear, distinct, and impressive reading*. Preaching is one of the most important offices of a parochial minister; and if so, as I think every one will admit it to be, to speak or read well ought to be a regular item in the qualifications of candidates for the church.

To speak well extempore, or with promptitude, distinctness, clearness, and proper emphasis, seems to depend on a natural gift. It would, therefore, be too much to expect or to require every minister to be an eloquent extempore speaker. Nor is it by any means necessary. Reading and extempore speaking have each its advantages; but each has its drawbacks also. Good and impressive reading has a powerful and attractive effect. And though every candidate cannot become a good extempore speaker, every one can be made a good and impressive reader. Such a qualification, therefore, should be considered indispensable.

Whether our bishops or presbyteries require this qualification specially, I have not the means of knowing, but they ought to require it, and enforce the requisition. And if no such notice has been given to our public seminaries or universities, it should be given; and it should be clearly announced, that such an accomplishment will be strictly required in all candidates for the ministry.

There are teachers of the art of elocution who will enable the students, even the more aged, to attain it. And the preacher, who has been taught and acquired the art, will find, as some not young ones have confessed, that the ease which it gives him in reading makes it as agreeable to himself as the effects are to his audience. I will not indulge in harsh observations; but the miserable, indistinct, monotonous, unimpressive, unattractive, and soporiferous reading in so many churches is the cause of their being only half filled. Every church, in which the reading is good, animated, and impressive, is full—indeed crowded. I say no more.

Ere a candidate is passed, he ought to be put fully on his trial by

public reading, or reading in the pulpit. The bishop or presbytery should appoint some competent person or persons to attend, and report as to the possession of this qualification. With respect to this, the opinion of the parishioners also should be consulted in a fair way, for all are judges of clear and impressive reading. If the candidate be found not qualified as a reader, his appointment should be postponed till he make himself so qualified.

This qualification should be a *sine quâ non* with every patron in England, and in Scotland, and in Ireland, be the candidate who he may. If the patrons so act, the churches will no longer be empty, and good reading will go far to explode vetoism.

I cannot close without noticing the praiseworthy attempt of Lord Aberdeen to calm this agitation among well-meaning Scotchmen, and set the question at rest. Though he gave up his declaratory bill, he virtually gained what was his object, and did a real benefit to the cause of the church of Scotland, by showing the feelings of the legislature to the vetoists and others. He proposed nothing but what may be said to exist already; for at present the presbytery, though it admitted no elective power in the parishioners, would unquestionably take into consideration any observations from them which appeared to contain something that seriously affected qualifications. Lord Aberdeen meant, I presume, to give no new power; but his bringing forward specially objectings in an ostentatious and regular form, I have little doubt, would tend to disturb the quiet of the congregation, and to give rise to some of those party feelings and other evil effects which flow from elective measures. I, therefore, agree with the Lord Chancellor, and Lord Brougham, and some others, that it seemed to give a licence to intrude somewhat on the rights of the patron. And as it would have no effect on the vetoists,—for, with the ulterior views which their leaders fondly cherish, nothing but what they are evidently aiming at will satisfy them,—I was glad that the minister, Lord Melbourne, refused his concurrence, and that Lord Aberdeen gave his bill up, and left well alone. I trust well will still be left alone, for the present law cannot be meddled with to advantage.

Some of our senators seem to apprehend another extensive separation in the church of Scotland, like that of the *Secession*, in consequence of the veto agitation, and as the result of maintaining the law respecting the selection of ministers. When official men get into a wrong position through misconceptions or prejudices, there is no saying how far they may go in their floundering. But I do not think that the original secession took place chiefly from the Patronage Act, though following up that act was one of the causes assigned by the seceders. The patronage law was enacted in 1711, and the secession did not take place till 1733, and even then it was not voluntary on the part of the few seceding ministers.

It was the departure from high Calvinistic notions into what was called legalism, free-will, Arminianism, and latitudinarianism, and a laxity in respect to the old strict discipline in the kirk, in the opinion of the seceders, that really produced the separation. That staunch old Marrow-man, as my father called our townsman, Boston, the author of "The Fourfold State of Man,"—the Bible of the Scottis'.

religionist in the lower classes in my younger days, and I suppose still, —though he did not separate from the church, appears to have been the original generator of the seceding spirit. Mr. Simson, professor of divinity in the college of Glasgow, about 1714 began openly to teach doctrines like what we call Arminian, and some ten years after he was found broaching some anti-trinitarian ideas, in consequence of the “sinful lenity” which the assembly had shown towards this heretic. Our high supralapsarian Boston opposed him boldly and with ardent zeal, but in vain. In 1720, the assembly itself condemned some high Calvinistic fancies, which were stigmatized as Antinomian paradoxes, found in a popular work called “The Marrow of Modern Divinity”—the term *mystical* should have been prefixed to divinity. This confirmed our zealous and able supralapsarian and his adherents in their opinion that the church had fairly backslidden into legalism and latitudinarianism. But though they reckoned the predominant party backsliders, and the church backslidden, they did not leave it.

At length, in 1832, the celebrated Erskines, Ebenezer and Ralph, the pupils of Boston, and who ultimately carried appropriationism, or the doctrine of the Christian’s appropriation of vicarious sufferings and vicarious righteousness, to the highest theoretic pitch, stood forward. In a sermon preached by the bold Ebenezer, at the opening of the synod of Perth and Stirling, in 1732, he attacked the assembly for its doings. The synod censured him. The assembly bore the synod out. They ordered him and three more who had joined him to be suspended. They would not retract; and in November, 1733, they were deposed, or thrust out of the church. In a short time these high supralapsarians drew an immense number after them.

When I lived amid this body of dissenters, by far the most numerous in Scotland, they did not seem to me to lay much stress on patronage. It was because it was a backslidden church, and had fallen into legalism or Arminianism, as well as into a laxity as to discipline, that they dissented from it.

I certainly by no means saw the change in the same point of view that they did. What they reckoned backsliding or degeneracy, I considered improvement. And what they abused under the name of legalism, and latitudinarianism, and laxity of discipline, I looked upon as an advancement in reasonableness, and the mild liberal Christian spirit. This change, which was conspicuous, certainly sprang very principally from the operation of the Patronage Act, and shows the beneficial nature of it. The improvement operated by degrees strongly on the very dissenters themselves. They gradually became more softened, moderate, and liberal. Some five and twenty years ago, a Mr. Hunter, one of them, told me lamentingly, that the seceders had now really backslidden so far, or fallen back from their first excellence, that they were then little better than the church herself was in 1733, when they separated from her. I dare say I admitted that, but instead of lamenting over the change, I thought it a great improvement.

And after all, though an extensive dissent took place, I am not aware that any injury was done to the nation by it. I am rather disposed to think that some advantage arose from the separation. The church was delivered from the inconveniences of having these too

warm and bigoted, though well-meaning, ministers in her courts to disturb her, and her moderated temper served gradually to soften theirs, as it has done in a very striking degree. The minister of the seceders in my native town has long been on friendly terms with the established minister, and the latter actually granted the former, a great many years ago, a little nice garden out of his glebe.

If, therefore, these veto ministers will not, or cannot in conscience, submit to the declared law of the land, they should withdraw, and they may join the dissenters called "The Relief," who differ from the church only as to the appointment of ministers. In so doing, it is true, they must give up the allowance granted them by the state. That is for their own consideration. Both the assembly and the country will be benefited by their withdrawing, as well as their adherents along with them, and the former peace of Scotland as to religion will be restored.

I regret for their sake, as well as for that of the country, that they should have adopted the illegal and injurious measures they have done. But if they will not retract, and return to obedience, it is they, and not the state, that are in fault. The patrons will find worthy successors for those who choose to take this step of withdrawing; and they will no doubt take particular care in future to present none but such as are willing to obey the law.

As to the jargon of non-intrusion, and to their being non-intrusionists, as they affect to call themselves, it is a misnomer. The Lord Chancellor justly observed, it is they who have intruded on the rights of patrons: the patrons have not intruded on them. They are the real intrusionists; and, under the pretence of non-intrusion, they have also intruded even on the acknowledged rights of the church and its presbyteries, by creating a regular species of intrusion, which would virtually set aside the church's power to determine concerning the qualifications of its intended ministers. At the same time, by their species of non-intrusion, they would degrade the ministry by giving the selection of its members to the worst-informed portion of the community.

Some of the leaders talk of their being persecuted. This is truly ridiculous, when no one has interfered with them, except to point out their folly; and the charge comes with a very ill grace from them, when we think of their persecution of their faithful brethren of the presbytery of Strathbogie. But I conclude with praying, that a more enlightened and better spirit may be granted to them, for the benefit both of Scotland and her church.

2, *Mornington Crescent*, 16th Sept. 1840.

SIMON GRAY.

THE WILD WATER-MAN, OR THE SEA-DEMON.

A DANISH LEGEND. BY CHARLES MACKAY.

"TELL me, mother, O tell thy son,
How shall the maiden's love be won?
Her bright eyes to my heart they shine;
How shall I make the maiden mine?"

She made him a horse of the water clear,
She made him a saddle of sea-weed sere,
She made him a bridle of strings of pearl,
Dug out of the depths where the sea snakes curl;

She made him a vest of the whirlpool froth,
Soft and dainty as velvet cloth;
She made him a sword of the coral bright,
And a mantle out of the sand so white.

"Now thou lookest a knight indeed;
Woo her and win her—I wish thee speed;
Woo her and win her, and come back to me,
We'll find her a dwelling beneath the sea."

He mounted his steed of the water clear,
And sat on his saddle of sea-weed sere;
He held his bridle of strings of pearl,
Dug out of the depths where the sea snakes curl;

He put on his vest of the whirlpool froth,
Soft and dainty as velvet cloth,
And his mantle made of the sand so white,
And grasped his sword of the coral bright.

And away he rode over meadow and moor,
Till he came next day to the old church door.
He tied his steed to a stunted tree
And round the churchyard thrice went he;—

Thrice he passed it round about,
And entered the church ere the folk came out;
And men and women looked up to see,
And wondered who this knight could be.

The priest himself he stole a look,
Peeping slyly over his dog's-eared book;
And the maiden smiled,—“Ah, well!” thought she,
“I wish this knight came courting me.”

He took two steps towards her seat,—
“Wilt thou be mine, O maiden sweet?”
He took her lily white hand and sighed—
“Maiden, fair maiden, be my bride!”

The maiden blushed, and whispered soft—
“Meet me to-night when the moon's aloft;
I've dreamed, Sir Knight, long time of thee—
I thought thou camest courting me.”

When the moon her mellow horn displayed,
Alone to the trysting went the maid;
When all the stars were shining bright,
Alone to the trysting went the knight.

" I have loved thee long, I have loved thee well,
Maiden, oh, more than words can tell ;
Maiden, thine eyes like diamonds shine ;
Maiden, sweet maiden, be thou mine !"

" Fair knight, thy suit I cannot deny,
Though poor my lot, my hopes are high ;
I scorn a lover of low degree,
None but a knight shall marry me !"

He took her by the hand so white,
And gave her a ring of the gold so bright.
" Maiden, whose eyes like diamonds shine,
Maiden, sweet maiden, now thou'rt mine !"

He lifted her up on his steed of grey,
And they rode till morning, away, away,
Thorough the wild wood, over the moor,
Till they came to the sands on the dark sea-shore.

" We have ridden east, we have ridden west,
I am weary, fair knight, and I fain would rest ;
Say, is thy dwelling beyond the sea ?
Hast thou a good ship waiting for me ?"

" I have no dwelling beyond the sea ;
I have no good ship waiting for thee ;
Thou shalt sleep with me on a couch of foam,
And the depths of the ocean shall be thy home !"

The grey steed plunged in the waves so clear,
And the maiden's shrieks were sad to hear.
" Maiden, whose eyes like diamonds shine,
Maiden, maiden, now thou'rt mine !"

Loud the cold sea blast did blow
As they sank 'mid the angry waves below,
Down to the rocks where the serpents creep,
Twice five hundred fathoms deep.

At night a fisherman wandering by
Saw her pale corse floating high ;
He knew the maid by her yellow hair,
And her lily white skin so soft and fair.

Under a rock on that lonely shore
Where the wild winds sigh and the breakers roar,
They dug her a grave by the water clear,
Among the sea-weeds salt and sere.

I warn you, maidens, whoever you be,
Beware of the Demon of the Sea ;
Maidens, I warn you all I can,
Beware, beware of the Water-Man.

PSYCHOLOGICAL MEDICINE.

BY FORBES WINSLOW, ESQ. MEMBER OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS, LONDON, AND AUTHOR OF "THE ANATOMY OF SUICIDE, &c."

CHAPTER III.

HUMAN, ANIMAL, AND VEGETABLE INSTINCTS.

THE word *instinct* has been variously defined. Dr. Reid considers it a natural blind impulse to certain actions, without having any end in view, without deliberation, and very often without any conception of what we do; and he considers instinct as one species of the mechanical principles of action—the other being habits. Bossuet observes, that philosophers will in vain torment themselves to define instinct, until they have spent some time in the head of an animal without actually *being* that animal. Cudworth referred this faculty to a certain *plastic nature*; and Descartes considered that all the actions of brute animals might be explained by the simple laws of mechanism. He considers animals as machines, totally devoid of life and sentiment, but so curiously constructed by the Creator, that the mere impressions of light, sound, and other external objects on their organs, produce a series of motions in them, and cause them to execute those various operations, which had been before ascribed to an internal principle of life. Professor Winckler says that the soul of a bee or spider is impressed at the birth of the insect with certain geometrical figures, according to which models its works are constructed! Buffon refers the instinct of societies of insects to the circumstance of a great number of individuals being brought into existence at the same time, all acting with equal force, and obliged by the similarity of their internal and external structure, and the conformity of their movements, to perform each the same actions, in the same place, in the most convenient mode for themselves, and least inconvenient for their companions; whence results a regular, well proportioned, and symmetrical structure: and he gravely informs us that the boasted hexagonal cells of bees are produced by the reciprocal pressure of the cylindrical bodies of these insects against each other!* Steffens, a German "transcendentalist," says, that the products of the instinct of insects is nothing more than "shootings out of inorganic animal masses."

In defining instinct, it is necessary to state what it is not. Many have confounded the vital actions with instinctive qualities, and have maintained that the teeth grow by instinct, and that the various organs, in exercising their functions, are influenced by the same principle; but this is clearly a misapplication of terms. It is absurd to talk of the liver secreting bile, or of the heart acting for the propulsion of blood, by instinct. Again, as it is stated by Mr. Green, no action can be considered as instinctive which is preceded by a will conscious of its whole purpose, calculating its effects, and predetermining its consequences. As Mr. Green's notions on this subject are more clearly in alliance with what I am disposed to consider the correct view of the subject, I consider that no apology is necessary for quoting him at some length. He says, "To what kind or mode of action shall we

* Hist. Nat. Edit. 1785, v. 277.

look for the legitimate application of the term Instinct? In answer to this query, we may, I think, without fear of the consequences, put the following cases, as exemplifying and justifying the use of the term in its appropriate sense. First:—when there appears an action, not included either in the mere functions of life, acting within the sphere of its own organismus; nor yet an action attributable to the intelligent will or reason; yet, at the same time, not referable to any particular organ,—we then declare the presence of an instinct. We might illustrate this in the instance of the bull-calf butting before he has horns, in which the action can have no reference to its internal economy, to the presence of a particular organ, or to an intelligent will. Secondly, likewise (if it be not included in the first), we attribute instinct, where the organ is present; if only the act is equally anterior to all possible experience on the part of the individual agent, as for instance, when the beaver employs its tail for the construction of its dwelling, the tailor-bird its bill for the formation of its pensile habitation, the spider its spinning organ for fabricating its artfully woven nets, or the viper its poison fang for its defence. And lastly, generally where there is an act of the whole body as one animal, not referable to a will conscious of its purpose, nor to its mechanism, nor to a habit derived from experience, or previous frequent use. Here with most satisfaction, and without doubt of the propriety of the word, we declare an instinct; as examples of which, we may adduce the migratory habits of birds; the social instincts of the bees, the construction of their habitations composed of cells formed with geometrical precision, adapted in capacity to different orders of the society, and forming storehouses for containing a supply of provisions,—not to mention similar instances in wasps, ants, termites; and the endless contrivances for protecting the future progeny.

“But if it be admitted that we have rightly stated the application of the term, what, we may ask, is contained in the examples adduced, or what inferences are we to make as to the nature of instinct itself, as a source and principle of action? We shall perhaps best aid ourselves in the inquiry by an example, and let us take a very familiar one of a caterpillar taking its food. The caterpillar seeks at once the plant, which furnishes the appropriate aliment, and this even as soon as it creeps from the ovum; and the food being taken into the stomach, the nutritious part is separated from the innutritious, and is disposed of for the support of the animal. The question then is, what is contained in this instance of instinct? In the first place, what does the vital power of the stomach do, if we generalize the account of the process, or express it in its most general terms? Manifestly it selects and applies appropriate means to an immediate end prescribed by the constitution—first, of the particular organ, and then of the whole body or organismus. This we have admitted is not instinct. But what does the caterpillar do? Does it not also select and apply appropriate means to an immediate end, prescribed by its particular organization and constitution? But there is something more, it does this according to circumstances;—and this we call Instinct.”

Locke maintained that the essential inferiority of the intellect of animals as compared with that of man, lies in the very limited enjoyment

of the faculty of abstraction, by which the mind is enabled to single out the different qualities or relations of the individual objects of sense, and make them the subject of abstract thought, and thereby form general notions, which are at once perceived to be equally applicable to many individual cases, and by the help of which it continually elevates itself above the contemplation of individuals, and classifies and methodizes its knowledge, and fits it for useful application—for the deduction of inferences in reasoning, for the formation of fancied scenes in works of imagination, and for the adaptation of means to ends in practice. In illustration of this observation, it has been remarked, that monkeys who have been observed to assemble about the fires which savages have made in the forests, and been gratified by the warmth, have never been seen to gather sticks, and rekindle them when expiring.

If we examine the anatomical construction of animals, we find that when we leave the vertebrated animals, the nervous system is most materially altered and degraded, so that more power is apparently given to instinct and less to intellect. In other animals, as we descend, the nervous system becomes more and more dispersed, so that in those at the foot of the scale we discern no traces of intellect, and very few of instinct, and only so much apparent sensation as is necessary for the purposes of nutrition and reproduction. Again, those animals whose nervous system is cerebral, usually exhibit the most striking proofs of intellect, are more capable of being instructed, and are less remarkable for the complexity and intenseness of their instincts; while those of the next grade, whose nervous system is *ganglionic*, as far as we know them, though not devoid of intellect, are endued with a much smaller portion of it, while their instinctive operations are all but miraculous; and that where the nervous system is still less concentrated, both are greatly weakened, till at the bottom of the scale they almost disappear. From hence it seems to follow, that extraordinary instinctive powers are not the result of extraordinary intellectual ones.

The question as to whether the instinctive acts of animals are the result of a reasoning process, has given rise to much discussion. On this point it has been justly observed by the Rev. Mr. Kirby, in his able work on Entomology, that “if intellect was the sole fountain of those operations usually denominated instinctive, animals, though they sought the same end, would vary more or less in the path they severally took to arrive at it; they would require some instruction and practice before they could be perfect in their operations; the new-born bee would not immediately be able to rear a cell, nor know where to go for the materials, till some one of riper experience had directed her. But experience and observation have nothing to do with her proceedings. She feels an indomitable appetite which compels her to take her flight from the hive when the state of the atmosphere is favourable to her purpose. Her organs of sight—which, though not gifted with any power of motion, are so situated as to enable her to see whatever passes above, below, and on each side of her—enable her to avoid any obstacles, and to thread her devious way through the numerous and intertwining branches of shrubs and flowers; some other

sense directs her to those which contain the precious articles she is in quest of. But though her senses guide her in her flight, and indicate to her where she may most profitably exercise her talent, they must then yield her to the impulse and direction of her instincts, which this happy and industrious little creature plies with indefatigable diligence and energy, till, having completed her lading of nectar and ambrosia, she returns to the common habitation of her people, with whom she unites in labours before described, for the general benefit of the community to which she belongs."

The word reason has been much misapplied by writers on this subject. If the term is used to signify merely the adaptation of means to a particular end, then I am willing to admit that many animals are endowed with this mental faculty; but this power of the mind has higher and more noble attributes. It has been given for the purpose of enabling us to distinguish right from wrong, good from evil, and to render us competent to appreciate the designs of a beneficent Creator.

"Dim as the borrow'd beams of moons and stars
To lonely, weary, wand'ring travellers,
Is reason to the soul: and as on high
These rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light us here; so reason, glimm'ring ray,
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day."—DRYDEN.

"Reason," says Hooker, "is the director of man's will, discovering in action what is good; for the laws of well-doing are the dictates of right reason." "Reason," says Locke, "is natural revelation, whereby the eternal Father of Light, and Fountain of all Knowledge, communicates to mankind that portion of truth which he has laid within the reach of their natural faculties. Revelation is natural reason, enlarged by a new set of discoveries communicated by God himself."

On the subject of instinct, Mr. Addison has written with his usual ability. He observes, "Animals in their generation are wiser than the sons of men; but their wisdom is confined to a few particulars, and lies in a very narrow compass. Take a brute out of his instinct, and you find him wholly deprived of understanding. To use an instance that comes often under observation—

"With what caution does the hen provide herself a nest in places unfrequented and free from noise and disturbance? When she has laid her eggs in such a manner as she can cover them, what care does she take in turning them frequently, that all parts may partake of the vital warmth? When she leaves them to provide for her necessary sustenance, how punctually does she return before they have time to cool and become incapable of producing an animal? In the summer you see her giving herself greater freedoms, and quitting her care for above two hours together; but in winter, when the rigour of the season would chill the principles of life, and destroy the young one, she grows more assiduous in her attendance, and stays away about half the time. When the birth approaches, with how much nicety and attention does she help the chick to break its prison? not to take notice of her covering it from the injuries of the weather, providing it proper nourishment, and teaching it to help itself; nor to mention her

forsaking the nest, if, after the usual time of reckoning, the young one does not make its appearance. A chemical operation could not be followed with greater art or diligence than is seen in the hatching of a chick; though there are many other birds that show an infinitely greater sagacity in all the forementioned particulars.

"But at the same time, the hen, that has all this seeming ingenuity, which is indeed absolutely necessary for the propagation of the species, considered in other respects, is without the least glimmerings of thought or common sense. She mistakes a piece of chalk for an egg, and sits upon it in the same manner; she is insensible of any increase or diminution in the number of those she lays; she does not distinguish between her own and those of another species; and when the birth appears of never so different a bird, will cherish it for her own. In all these circumstances, which do not carry an immediate regard to the subsistence of herself or species, she is a very idiot."

With reference to such examples of pure instinct, Addison says, that there is not, in his opinion, "any thing more mysterious in nature than this instinct in animals, which thus rises above reason, and falls infinitely short of it." And he seems to consider it "the immediate direction of Providence, and such an operation of the Supreme Being, as that which determines all the portions of matter to their proper centre." A modern philosopher, quoted by Bayle in his learned Dissertation on the Souls of Brutes, delivers the same opinion, though in a bolder form of words, where he says, 'Deus est anima brutorum,' God himself is the soul of brutes."

"For my own part," he concludes, "I look upon instinct as upon the principle of gravitation in bodies, which is not to be explained by any known qualities, inherent in the bodies themselves, nor from any laws of mechanism, but, *according to the best notions of the greatest philosophers*, is an immediate impression from the First Mover, and the divine energy acting in creatures."

It would appear that Addison would draw an analogy between instinct and gravitation; if gravitation be the result of physical agency and not an immediate impression of the First Mover, so may instinct be likewise. On this point it has been well observed, that it is inconsistent with the customary method of the divine proceedings with regard to man, and this visible system of which he is the most important part—for a being that combines in himself matter and spirit, must be more important than a whole world that does not combine spirit with matter,—to act *immediately* upon any thing but spirit, except by the intermediate agency of some physical though subtle substance, empowered by him as his vicegerent in nature, and to execute the law that has received his sanction.*

On the subject of instinct Mr. Coleridge has written with great ability. The distinction which he has drawn between the understanding and reason, appears to be well grounded. He considers that beasts are endowed with the former faculty, and that the latter is the peculiar characteristic of man. Understanding, says Coleridge, is

* Kirby.

x discursive, Reason is fixed. The understanding in all its judgments refers to some other faculty as its ultimate authority, but the reason in all its decisions appeals to itself, as to ground and substance of the truth. The understanding is the faculty of *reflection*, the reason of *contemplation*. The following singular case of instinct taken from Huber is referred to by the poet and philosopher as an evidence of the understanding with which he supposes animals to be endowed. "One rainy day," says Huber, "I observed an ant digging the ground near the aperture which gave entrance to the ant-hill. It placed in a heap the several fragments it had scooped up, and formed them into small pellets, which it deposited here and there upon the nest. It returned constantly to the same place, and appeared to have a marked design, for it laboured with ardour and perseverance. I remarked a slight furrow excavated in the ground in a straight line, representing the plan of a path or gallery: the labourer, the whole of whose movements fell under my immediate observation, gave it greater depth and breadth, and cleared out its borders; and I saw at length, in which I could not be deceived, that it had the intention of establishing an avenue, which was to lead from one of the stories to the under-ground chambers. This path, which was about two or three inches in length, and formed by a single ant, was opened above, and bordered on each side by a buttress of earth; its cavity, *en forme de gouttière*, was of the most perfect regularity, for the architect had not left an atom too much. The work of this ant was so well followed and understood, that I could almost to a certainty guess its next proceeding, and the very fragment it was about to remove. At the side of the opening where this path terminated, was a second opening to which it was necessary to arrive by some road. The same ant engaged in and executed alone this undertaking. It furrowed out and opened another path parallel to the first, leaving between each a little wall of three or four lines in height. Those ants who lay the foundation of a wall, a chamber, or gallery, from working separately, occasion now and then a want of coincidence in the parts of the same or different objects. Such examples are of no unfrequent occurrence, but they by no means embarrass them. What follows proves that the workman, on discovering his error, knew how to rectify it. A wall had been erected with the view of sustaining a vaulted ceiling, still incomplete, that had been projected from the wall of the opposite chamber. The workman who began constructing it, had given it too little elevation to meet the opposite partition upon which it was to rest; had it been continued on the original plan, it must have infallibly met the wall at about one half of its height, and this it was necessary to avoid. This state of things very forcibly claimed my attention; when one of the ants arriving at the place, and visiting the works, appeared to be struck by the difficulty which presented itself; but this it as soon obviated, by taking down the ceiling, and raising the wall upon which it reposed. It then, in my presence, constructed a new ceiling with the fragments of the former one."

Every manufacturing art among men was invented by some man, improved by others, and brought to perfection by time and expe-

rience; men learn to work in it by long practice, which produces a habit. The arts of men vary in every age and in every nation, and are found only in those men who have been taught them. The manufactures of animals differ from those of men in many striking particulars. No animal of the species can claim the invention: no animal ever introduced any new improvement, or any variation from the former practice; every one of the species has equal skill from the beginning, without teaching, without experience, and without habit; every one has its art by a kind of inspiration. It is not meant that the animal is inspired with the principles or rules of the art, but with the ability of working in it to perfection, without any knowledge of its principles, rules, or end. The work of any animal is, indeed, like the works of nature, perfect in its kind, and can bear the most critical examination of the mechanic or the mathematician; of which a honeycomb is a striking instance.

Bees, it is well known, construct their combs with small cells on both sides, fit for holding their store of honey, and for rearing their young. There are only three possible figures of the cells which can make them all equal and similar, without any useless interstices: these are the equilateral triangle, the square, and the regular hexagon. Of the three, the hexagon is the most proper, both for convenience and strength. Bees, as if they knew this, make their cells regular hexagons. As the combs have cells on both sides, the cells may either be exactly opposite, having partition against partition; or the bottom of the cell may rest upon the partitions between the cells on the other side, which will serve as a buttress to strengthen it. The last way is the best for strength; accordingly the bottom of each cell rests against the point where three partitions meet on the other side, which gives it all the strength possible. The bottom of the cell may either be one plane, perpendicular to the side partitions, or it may be composed of several planes, meeting at a solid angle in the middle point. It is only in one of these two ways that all the cells can be similar without losing room; and, for the same intention, the planes of which the bottom is composed, if there be more than one, must be three in number, and neither more nor fewer. It has been demonstrated, that by making the bottoms of the cells to consist of three planes meeting in a point, there is a saving of no inconsiderable amount of labour and material. The bees, as if acquainted with these principles of solid geometry, follow them most accurately; the bottom of each cell being composed of three planes which make obtuse angles with side partitions, and with one another, and meet in the point in the middle of the bottom; the three angles of this bottom being supported by three partitions on the other side of the comb, and the point of it by the common intersection of these three partitions.

It is a curious mathematical problem, at what precise angle the three planes which compose the bottom of the cell ought to meet, in order to make the greatest possible saving of material and labour. This is one of those problems belonging to the higher department of mathematics, which are called the problems of *maxima* and *minima*. The celebrated Maclaurin resolved it by a fluxionary calculation, which is

to be found in the Transactions of the Royal Society of London, and determined precisely the angle required. Upon the most exact mensuration which the subject could admit, he afterwards found that it is the very angle in which the three planes at the bottom of the cell of a honeycomb do actually meet!

The dog has often been known to exhibit a degree of reasoning and affection rarely seen manifested in any other animals.* A gentleman named Irvine, whilst crossing the river Dee, then frozen over, near Aberdeen, the ice gave way about the middle of the river, and he sunk; but having a gun in his hand, he supported himself by placing it across the opening. The dog used many fruitless endeavours to save his master, and then ran to a neighbouring village, where he saw a man, and with most significant gesture pulled him by the coat, and prevailed on the stranger to follow him. The man arrived at the spot in time to save the gentleman's life.

In the year 1791, a person went to a house in Deptford to take lodgings, under pretence that he had just arrived from the West Indies, and after having agreed upon terms, said he would send his trunk that night, and come himself the next day. About nine o'clock at night the trunk was brought by two porters, and was carried into his bedroom. Just as the family were going to bed, their little house-dog, deserting his usual station in the shop, placed himself close to the chamber door where the chest was deposited, and kept up an incessant barking. The moment the door was opened the dog flew to the chest, against which it barked and scratched with redoubled vehemence and fury. At first they tried to get the dog out of the room, but in vain. Calling in some neighbours, and making them eye-witnesses of the circumstance, they began to move the trunk about, when they quickly discovered that it contained something alive. Suspicion being excited, they were induced to open it, when, to their utter astonishment, who should present himself but their new lodger, who had thus been conveyed in to rob the house.

One of Sir Henry Lee's servants had formed the design of assassinating his master, and robbing the house; but on the night he had intended to perpetrate it, the dog for the first time followed his master up-stairs, took his station under the bed, and could not be driven thence. In the dead of the night the servant, not knowing the dog was there, entered the room to execute his diabolical purpose, but

* The following beautiful lines were written by Scott on the death of Charles Gough, who lost his way near the Helvellyn Mountain in a fog, and fell down a precipice; at the bottom of which his bones were discovered three months after, attended all that time by his faithful dog.

" Dark green was that spot, 'mid the brown mountain's heather,
Where the pilgrim of nature lay stretched in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast, abandoned to weather,
Till the mountain wind wasted the tenantless clay;
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
The much-loved remains of his master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away."

was instantly seized by the dog, and being secured, confessed his intentions.

The marvellous sagacity shown in the preceding instances cannot correctly be referred to instinct; they would rather, as Kirby justly observes, indicate a particular interposition of Divine Providence, either to prevent some calamity, or to produce some blessing or benefit to the individual concerned. Beattie, who relates one of the cases just recorded, takes the same view of the subject. He says, he considers the animal was qualified for the action "by a supernatural impulse." Dr. Kirby knew an instance, in which a valuable life was saved by a dog, which, being condemned to the halter by a former master, and escaping from those appointed to despatch him, at last established himself in a gentleman's family, and afterwards, by the sacrifice of his own life, prevented his master from being drowned.*

A Newfoundland dog, whenever it left his master's house, was assailed by a number of little noisy dogs in the street. He usually passed them with apparent unconcern, as if they were beneath his notice; but one little cur was particularly troublesome, and at length carried his petulance so far as to bite the Newfoundland dog at the back of his foot. This proved to be a step in wanton abuse and insult beyond what was to be patiently endured, and he instantly turned round, ran after the offender, and seized him by the skin of his back. In this way he carried him in his mouth to the quay, and holding him some time over the water, at length dropped him into it. Not wishing, however, to drown the culprit, the Newfoundland dog waited until the poor animal was not only well ducked, but near sinking, when he plunged in, and brought him safe to land.

"M. Dureau de la Motte, in a memoir on the influence of domesticity in animals, mentions a dog, which, being shut out, would use the knocker of the door. And Mr. Kirby had a cat, which indicated its wish to come in or go out, by endeavouring with its fore paws to move the handle of the door-latch of the apartment; and used every morning to call me by making the same indication at the door of my bed-room: other cats have attempted to ring the bell. But the most remarkable instance is one related by the writer just named, of a very intelligent dog, which was employed to carry letters between two gentlemen, and never failed punctually to execute his commission—first delivering the letter, which was fastened to his collar, and then going to the kitchen to be fed. After this, he went to the parlour window, and barked; to tell the gentleman he was ready to carry back the answer.

"The remarkable case of the ass Valiente, and of other animals that find their way to their old quarters from a great distance, may be attributed, I think, rather to natural sagacity and memory, than to any instinctive impulse. The animal just alluded to might have sagacity enough to keep near the sea, or a concurrence of accidental circumstances might befriend her."

Huber, whose inquiries into the science of entomology have been singularly minute and accurate, having had great ravages committed on his hives by the *sphinx atropos*, or *death's-head moth*, determined

* Annal. des Sc. Naturel. xxi.

to construct a grating which should admit the bee, but not the moth. He did so, and the devastation ceased. He found, however, that in other hives, not protected by his agency, the bees had adopted a similar expedient for their defence; and these defences were variously constructed in different hives. "Here was a single wall, where opening arcades were disposed at the higher parts; there were several bulwarks behind each other, like the bastions of our citadels; gateways, masked by walls in front, opened on the fall of the second rows, while they did not correspond with the apertures of the first. Sometimes a series of intersecting arcades permitted free egress to the bees, but refused admittance to their enemies. These fortifications were mossy, and their substance firm and compact, being composed of propolis and wax."

Huber placed a dozen humble bees under a bell glass, along with a comb of about ten silken cocoons, so unequal in height as not to be capable of standing steadily. To remedy this, two or three of the humble-bees got upon the comb, stretched themselves over its edge, and, with their heads downwards, fixed their fore feet on the table on which the comb stood, and so with their hind feet kept the comb from falling. When these were weary, others took their places. In this constrained and painful posture, fresh bees relieving their comrades at intervals, and each working in its turn, did these affectionate little insects support the comb for nearly three days; at the end of which time they had prepared sufficient wax to build pillars with it; and what is still further curious, the first pillars having got displaced, the bees had again recourse to the same manœuvre.

Wasps are said to catch large spiders, and to cut off their legs, and carry their mutilated bodies to their young. The following fact came under Dr. Darwin's own observation. A wasp, on a gravel walk, had caught a fly nearly as large as himself; upon being watched, he was perceived to separate the tail and the head from the body part, to which the wings were attached. He then took the body part in his paws, and rose about two feet from the ground with it; but a gentle breeze wafting the wings of the fly, turned him round in the air, and he settled again with his prey upon the gravel. Dr. Darwin then distinctly observed him cut off with his mouth first one of the wings, and then the other; after which he flew away with it unmolested by the wind. In this instance a process very like that of human ratiocination must have taken place in the wasp. A somewhat analogous case is related by Reaumur, on the authority of M. Cossigny, who witnessed it in the Isle of France, where the *sphecina* are accustomed to bury the bodies of cockroaches along with their eggs, for provision for their young. He one time saw an insect of this tribe attempt to drag after it into its hole a dead cockroach, which was too big to be made to enter by all its efforts. After several ineffectual attempts, the animal came out, cut off its elytra and some of its legs, and thus reduced in compass, drew in its prey without difficulty.

(To be continued.)

MESMERISM.—No. II.*

IN our first article on Mesmerism, it was not so much our intention to satisfy the reader on all the points of a most suggestive subject, as to point out to him the means by which real information could be obtained, and honest difficulties surmounted. With this aim, we simply endeavoured to recommend the "Facts in Mesmerism" to general perusal, by presenting a brief analysis, and a few specimens of that remarkable volume,—being well aware that the battle would be more than half decided with the candid objector, if we could once bring him face to face with Mr. Townshend. What success may crown our efforts, we know not; but at all events it is gratifying to see that they have had the collateral benefit of attracting a considerable share of notice from the public press, to the subject and the work in question, and of evoking the signs of a fairer and a better spirit than had ever before been shown towards mesmerism. With the newspaper criticisms to which we allude, we have every reason to be satisfied. Unqualified approval, or a grave and respectful statement of particular doubts, accompanied by suggestions of possible sources of fallacy, and stricter modes of verification,—these are the staple of their contents; and they naturally tempt us to a rejoinder, in the hope that, by setting forth a more complete picture of some of the present incredibilities of mesmerism,—and of a part of it, too, which has been especially dwelt upon by our critics,—we may smooth away all remaining difficulties from the teachable, leaving incurable denial as the significant badge of only the wilful and the foolish.

We do not, however, mean to assert that the good-will of the press is universal: there are one or two instructive exceptions, in which the writers, falling back upon what we never doubted,—the strength of their own incredulity,—give practical proof of how little can be wisely said on the side they have adopted. One of these persons modestly requires to be shown the effects of mesmerism on "drunken draymen," and similar indwellers of his fancy,—in polite language, on man when placed in such conditions as all mesmerisers unitedly declare to be most unfavourable for the trial. In a few of even such extreme cases, we doubt not the experiment would succeed; yet to select them

* A Letter to Col. William L. Stone, on Animal Magnetism; with Remarks on the same by a Member of the Massachusetts Bench. Boston and New York. 1837.

Observations de Médecine Pratique, par C. H. A. Despine. Anneci. 1838.

Rapport Confidentiel sur le Magnétisme Animal. Paris. 1839.

Lettres sur le Magnétisme et la Somnambulisme, par le Docteur Frapart. Paris. 1839.

Expériences sur le Magnétisme Animal, par J. B. E. Defer, Docteur en Médecine. Metz. 1839.

Puissance de l'Electricité Animale, ou du Magnétisme Vital, par J. Pigeaire, Docteur en Médecine. Paris. 1839.

Resultat des Opérations Magnétiques de M. le Marquis de Guibert. Tarascon. 1840.

Introduction au Magnétisme, par Aub. Gauthier. Paris. 1840.

Manuel Pratique de Magnétisme Animal, par Alph. Teste, Docteur en Médecine. Paris. 1840.

as proofs and tests, is like resorting to the hardened villain for a pattern of virtue, or seeking one's type of sleep in the crisis of a burning fever. Ratiocination of this kind comes evidently from the will, and not from the understanding; it is but the thin pretext for certain likings and dislikings; and so being a purely personal matter, it may be safely dismissed into the long catalogue of individual obliquities. The old fable of *Argus* is a legible type and prophecy of the state of mind which it implies, in which, symbolically, the man's eyes are transplanted into the peacock's tail, or truth is attempted to be seen from the posteriors of self-conceit.

Our present business, however, is to have another ramble through the fair fields of truth, and not through the madhouses of the human mind; and therefore, without further reply to these wretched perversions, we proceed to notice certain hints which have come to us from more hopeful quarters. The *Morning Herald*, in speaking of clairvoyance, demands,—“Why not apply mesmerism to the partially or even totally blind? If they,” it says, “by mesmeric agency, can be made to see, we shall no longer hesitate to accord our belief to the science.” Now, although we do not admit that our critic is right in postponing his belief, in the face of such testimony as is brought forward by Mr. Townshend, yet we perfectly agree with him on the main point of his suggestion,—that the blind would furnish the most unexceptionable test of the existence of clairvoyance. Mr. Townshend himself is far from overlooking the value of evidence from such a source, and it so happens that his “Facts in Mesmerism” actually contains a case which approximates in its conditions to those desiderated by the critic.

We shall first cite a case of clairvoyance from a letter (inserted in Dr. Elliotson's *Physiology*) by Mr. Wood, a diligent and able investigator of mesmerism, premising that Mr. W. was a sceptic as to this part of the phenomena, until he witnessed the decisive experiments of which the following are a part:—

“Antwerp, *Hôtel du Grand Laboureur*,
Aug. 18, 1840.

“I cannot allow this day's post to leave without sending you a few words to say, that within the last half hour we have had undeniable proofs of the existence of *clairvoyance*. I am compelled to renounce my incredulity on the subject; and can assure you I do not do so without having satisfied myself beyond the possibility of further doubt. I had scarcely dared to hope for such success after the very imperfect exhibition at Paris. The patient, E. A., mentioned in Mr. Townshend's book, arrived here this morning. Mr. T. mesmerised him, and, having thrown him into his usual state of sleepwaking, proceeded to bandage his eyes. In this state he astonished me by the invariable correctness with which he told cards, &c.; but what was much more decisive, he was able to do the same when Mr. T. closed his eyes with his fingers. The bandage being removed, he now told cards and read out of a French book that I fetched out of my own room. I asked and obtained permission to apply my own fingers to his eyes, and, having done this in the most effectual manner, was astonished to

see him read correctly a whole line at a time out of my French book of 300 pages at least, and opened repeatedly, and at different parts: he did the same when my brother, the Rev. David Wood, closed his eyes in the same manner. I am quite certain that he could not, by any possibility, see with his eyes; and the frequency of the experiments completely did away with any thing like chance or accident in his mentioning words,—to say nothing of the number which he repeated at a time, and this several times over.”

“August 18th.—The patient described in Mr. Townshend’s work on mesmerism by his initials E. A. was this day mesmerised again by Mr. T., for the first time after an interval of nearly two years. E. A. is a native of Belgium, about eighteen years of age, of rather small figure, but robust, of very healthy appearance, with a very intelligent countenance.

“Notwithstanding his prepossessing appearance, and the high terms in which he was spoken of by my friend Mr. Townshend, together with an account of the extreme caution that had been used in closing his eyes during his mesmeric state, I confess I could not bring myself to believe that the thing before me was capable of exhibiting the extraordinary phenomena, the astounding facts, I was invited to witness, of seeing without the use of his eyes. Not that I for a moment doubted the perfect good faith and sincerity of the operator; on the contrary, I had every reason to be satisfied that his sole object was the establishment of truth; but I was willing to believe that he had, notwithstanding all his precautions, been deceived,—that the closing of the eyes had not been so effectual as he imagined,—in short, any thing rather than the possibility of *clairvoyance*. The patient being seated, Mr. T. placed himself immediately in front of him, also sitting, at the same time holding his hands and looking him steadily in the face. After continuing in this position about ten minutes he became drowsy, having evidently great difficulty in keeping his eyes open: a few passes in front of his face, continued downwards towards his feet, completed his sleep: he did not, however, show any symptoms of falling: on the contrary, appeared to rouse himself into a new state, the eyelids remaining closed. He was very restless and apparently uneasy, but did not speak; he would, however, answer any questions put to him by Mr. T., but took no notice of any other voice, unless the person had previously been in contact with Mr. T.: he seemed to cling to his mesmeriser, and was very unwilling to leave him for a moment. He continued for a long time very fretful, and showed great reluctance at exerting himself in any way; and, when asked by Mr. T. if he could see, expressed by his manner great unwillingness to try, and said, ‘What for?’ ‘*Mais pourquoi donc?*’ With a little persuasion he allowed his eyes to be bandaged and cotton to be placed by the sides of his nose, so as, I believe, effectually to close them and prevent his seeing any object presented; but if there had been any space left by the side of his nose which could have enabled him to see down, he made no attempt to avail himself of it, but invariably presented the card or any thing else that was given him to his forehead, and I am quite certain that he repeatedly told correctly a card, which from the time I drew it from the pack to the moment he mentioned it had never been below

the level of his eyebrows. With his eyes thus bandaged, Mr. T. presented a card, at the same time asking what it was : after a little persuasion he was induced to direct his attention to it ; and after holding it to his forehead, at the same time moving it about as if to get it into the proper light, he told it correctly and threw it on the table : this was repeated several times with uniform success. The bandage was now removed, and Mr. Townshend covered his eyes with the palms of his hands, the fingers being directed upwards, and so covering the greater part of his forehead : he told the cards just as well, and never once named a wrong one. Mr. T. kept his eyes closed in the same manner with the palms of his hands while I presented a French Guide-book, which I had the minute before fetched from my own room, and opened at random. He presented it to his forehead, and made some remark about its being very small print : he read some word which was printed in larger letters, and then turned over the leaves at random, backwards and forwards, until a long table of figures attracted his attention : he said with some surprise, ‘*O qu’est ce que c’est que cela ?*’ and repeated several of the figures, at the same time pointing to them with his fingers, but not touching the figure that he mentioned : he continued for some time turning over the leaves, stopping at every thing remarkable, as tables, plans of towns, &c. and always describing them accurately.

“ Mr. T. closed his eyes by placing the ends of his fingers over the lids : he told every card that was presented to him, and read out of the book without making a single mistake. I now asked for and obtained permission to apply my own hands to his eyes, and did so in such a manner as to preclude the possibility of his seeing any thing with them. Cards were again presented to him : he told them correctly and without hesitation, without being wrong once : the book was again given him, and he read slowly, but without the least hesitation, several lines, tracing his finger along a little under each as he read. The longer the experiments were continued, the more perfect became his power of seeing, and the irritability diminished. Mr. T. now asked him to write some music. Every new effort required persuasion. He at last consented. The bandages were re-applied as carefully as before : a sheet of note paper was laid before him, with pen and inkstand, the opening at the top of which would scarcely admit a swan’s quill. He took another book as a ruler, dipped his pen without difficulty into the small inkstand, and at once proceeded to rule the music lines : about the middle of the third line the pen missed ; he instantly saw the deficiency, and, without carrying his pen on to the end of the line, stopped, took another dip out of the small-mouthed inkstand as easily as if his eyes had been wide open, and again placed the point of his pen exactly where it had missed, and continued the line ; but, before proceeding far it again missed. He appeared to be quite aware that it was not from deficiency of ink, and, turning his pen a little, he went back to the point where he left off, and with one stroke continued it to the end. A little difficulty of the same sort occurred in the fourth line ; it was equally well managed ; he was not so particular about the fifth. Having completed the lines, Mr. T. whistled a part of a tune, and asked him to write it in music :

he presented his forehead to the paper, and with great rapidity wrote a few notes, and then stopped to ask Mr. T. to repeat it; when he immediately resumed, and presently filled the line. Whilst in the middle of it, I suddenly placed my hand between his head and the paper; he immediately stopped, turned his forehead towards me, saying, 'Qu'est ce que vous voulez donc?' and then immediately finished the line.

"He now begged Mr. T. to awake him, which was accordingly done by a few transverse movements of the hands in front of his face."

And here it is well to record a general testimony to mesmerism from two illustrious individuals, Professor Agassis, of Neufchatel, the distinguished geologist and naturalist, and Signor Ranieri, the historian, of Naples. Common decency will surely hush the penny-a-liners, in the presence of such names as these.

"(TRANSLATION.) *Notes relating to Mesmerism, the morning of 22d February, 1839.*—Desirous of knowing what to think of mesmerism, I for a long time sought for an opportunity of making some experiments in regard to it upon myself, so as to avoid the doubts which might arise on the nature of the sensations which we have heard described by mesmerised persons. M. Desor, yesterday, in a visit which he made to Berne, invited Mr. Townshend, who had previously mesmerised him, to accompany him to Neufchatel and try to mesmerise me. These gentlemen arrived here with the evening courier, and informed me of their arrival. At eight o'clock I went to them. We continued at supper till half past nine o'clock, and about ten Mr. Townshend commenced operating on me. While we sat opposite to one another, he, in the first place, only took hold of my hands and looked at me fixedly. I was firmly resolved to arrive at a knowledge of the truth, whatever it might be; and, therefore, the moment I saw him endeavouring to exert an action upon me, I silently addressed the Author of all things, beseeching him to give me power to resist the influence, and to be conscientious in regard to myself as well as in regard to the facts. I then fixed my eyes upon Mr. Townshend, attentive to whatever passed. I was in very suitable circumstances; the hour being early, and one in which I was in the habit of studying, was far from disposing me to sleep. I was sufficiently master of myself to experience no emotion, and to repress all flights of imagination, even if I had been less calm; accordingly it was a long time before I felt any effect from the presence of Mr. Townshend opposite me. However, after at least a quarter of an hour, I felt a sensation of a current through all my limbs, and from that moment my eyelids grew heavy. I then saw Mr. Townshend extend his hands before my eyes, as if he were about to plunge his fingers into them; and then make different circular movements around my eyes, which caused my eyelids to become still heavier. I had the idea that he was endeavouring to make me close my eyes; and yet it was not as if some one had threatened my eyes, and, in the waking state, I had closed them to prevent him; it was an irresistible heaviness of the lids which compelled me to shut them; and, by degrees, I found that I had no longer the power of keeping them open, but did not the less retain my consciousness of what was going on around me; so that I heard M. Desor

speak to Mr. Townshend, understood what they said, and heard what questions they asked me, just as if I had been awake, but I had not the power of answering. I endeavoured in vain several times to do so, and, when I succeeded, I perceived that I was passing out of the state of torpor in which I had been, and which was rather agreeable than painful.

"In this state I heard the watchman cry ten o'clock; then I heard it strike a quarter past; but, afterwards, I fell into a deeper sleep, although I never entirely lost my consciousness. It appeared to me, that Mr. Townshend was endeavouring to put me into a sound sleep; my movements seemed under his control, for I wished several times to change the position of my arms, but had not sufficient power to do it, or even really to will it; while I felt my head carried to the right or left shoulder, and backwards or forwards, without wishing it, and, indeed, in spite of the resistance which I endeavoured to oppose: and this happened several times.

"I experienced at the same time a feeling of great pleasure in giving way to the attraction which dragged me sometimes to one side, sometimes to the other; then a kind of surprise on feeling my head fall into Mr. Townshend's hand, who appeared to me from that time to be the cause of the attraction. To his inquiry if I were well, and what I felt, I found I could not answer, but I smiled; I felt that my features expanded in spite of my resistance; I was inwardly confused at experiencing pleasure from an influence which was mysterious to me. From this moment I wished to wake, and was less at my ease; and yet, on Mr. Townshend asking me whether I wished to be awakened, I made a hesitating movement with my shoulders. Mr. Townshend then repeated some frictions, which increased my sleep; yet I was always conscious of what was passing around me. He then asked me if I wished to become lucid, at the same time continuing, as I felt, the frictions from the face to the arms. I then experienced an indescribable sensation of delight, and for an instant saw before me rays of dazzling light, which instantly disappeared. I was then inwardly sorrowful at this state being prolonged; it appeared to me that enough had been done with me; I wished to awake, but could not. Yet when Mr. Townshend and M. Desor spoke I heard them. I also heard the clock, and the watchman cry, but I did not know what hour he cried. Mr. Townshend then presented his watch to me, and asked if I could see the time, and if I saw him; but I could distinguish nothing; I heard the clock strike the quarter, but could not get out of my sleepy state. Mr. Townshend then woke me with some rapid transverse movements from the middle of the face outwards, which instantly caused my eyes to open, and at the same time I got up, saying to him, 'I thank you.' It was a quarter past eleven. He then told me, and M. Desor repeated the same thing, that the only fact which had satisfied them that I was in a state of mesmeric sleep, was the facility with which my head followed all the movements of his hand, although he did not touch me, and the pleasure which I appeared to feel at the moment when, after several repetitions of friction, he thus moved my head at pleasure in all directions.

"AGASSIS."

“(TRANSLATION.)—Having been mesmerised by my honourable friend Mr. Hare Townshend, I will simply describe the phenomena which I experienced before, during, and after my mesmerisation. Mr. Townshend commenced by making me sit upon a sofa: he sat upon a chair opposite me, and, having taken my hands in his, placed them on my knees. He looked at me fixedly, and from time to time let go my hands, and placed the points of his fingers in a straight line opposite my eyes, at an inch, I should think, from my pupils; then, describing a kind of ellipse, he brought his hands down again upon mine. After he had moved his hands thus alternately from my eyes to my knees for ten minutes, I felt an irresistible desire to close my eyelids. I continued nevertheless to hear his voice, and that of my sister, who was in the same room, whenever they put questions to me. I always answered him correctly, but the whole of my muscular system was in a state of peculiar weakness, and of almost perfect disobedience to my will; and consequently the pronunciation of the words with which I wished to answer had become extremely difficult.

“Whilst I experienced to a certain point the effects of sleep, not only was I not a stranger to all that was passing around me, but I even took more than usual interest in it. All my conceptions were more rapid; I experienced nervous startings to which I am not accustomed; in short, my whole nervous system was in a state of exaltation, and appeared to have acquired all the superabundance of power which the muscular system had lost.

“The following are the principal phenomena which I was able to feel distinctly. Mr. Townshend did not fail to ask me occasionally if I could see him or my sister without opening the eyelids; but this was always impossible, and all that I could say I had seen was a glimmering of light interrupted by the black and confused images of the objects presented to me, a light which appeared to me a little less clear than that which we commonly see when we shut the eyelids opposite the sun or a candle.

“Mr. Townshend at last determined to demesmerise me. He began to make elliptical movements with his hands, the reverse of those which he had made at the commencement; I could now open my eyes without any kind of effort, my whole muscular system became perfectly obedient to my will; I was able to get up, and was perfectly awake, but I remained nearly an hour in a kind of stupefaction very similar to that which sometimes attacks me in the morning if I rise two or three hours later than usual.

“*Naples, 15th June, 1839.*

ANTOINE RANIERI.”

Now for Mr. Townshend's case, before alluded to; and here we beg the considerate attention of the *Morning Herald*.

“Having ascertained, in this and the previous case, that persons under the mesmeric conditions could exercise a faculty analogous to sight, without the intervention of the ordinary apparatus of vision, I was desirous still further to inquire how far the optic nerve played a part in this developement of the sentient powers. In order to solve this question, it appeared to me essential to mesmerise a person in whom the optic nerves were inefficient or destroyed. Should such a person be found to see in the mesmeric state, it would thenceforth

be evident that man might possibly, in certain states, exhibit a perception of objects of sight which could have nothing in common with the system of ordinary vision.

"Soon after the idea had arisen in my mind, accident threw in my way a lad of nineteen years of age, a Swiss peasant, who for three years had nearly lost the faculty of sight. His eyes betrayed but little appearance of disorder; and the gradual decay of vision which he had experienced was attributed to a paralysis of the optic nerve, resulting from a scrofulous tendency in the constitution of the patient. The boy, whom I shall call by his Christian name of Johann, was intelligent, mild-tempered, extremely sincere, and extremely unimaginative. He had never heard of mesmerism till I spoke of it before him, and I then only so far enlightened him on the subject as to tell him that it was something which might, perhaps, benefit his sight. At first he betrayed some little reluctance to submit himself to experiment, asking me if I were going to perform some very painful operation upon him; but, when he found that the whole affair consisted in sitting quiet, and letting me hold his hands, he no longer felt any apprehension.

Before beginning to mesmerise, I ascertained, with as much precision as possible, the patient's degree of blindness. I found that he yet could see enough to perceive any large obstacle that stood in his way. If a person came directly before him, he was aware of the circumstance, but he could not at all distinguish whether the individual were man or woman. I even put this to the proof. A lady of our society stood before him, and he addressed her as '*mein herr*' (sir). In bright sunshine, he could see a white object, or the colour scarlet, when in a considerable mass, but made mistakes as to the other colours. Between small objects he could not at all discriminate. I held before him successively a book, a box, and a bunch of keys, and he could not distinguish between them. In each case he saw something, he said, like a shadow, but he could not tell what. He could not read one letter of the largest print by means of eyesight; but he was very adroit in reading by touch, in books prepared expressly for the blind, running his fingers over the raised characters with great rapidity, and thus acquiring a perception of them. Whatever trifling degree of vision he possessed could only be exercised on very near objects; those which were at a distance from him he perceived not at all. I ascertained that he could not see a cottage at the end of our garden, not more than a hundred yards off from where we were standing.

"These points being satisfactorily proved, I placed my patient in the proper position, and began to mesmerise. Five minutes had scarcely elapsed when I found that I produced a manifest effect upon the boy. He began to shiver at regular intervals, as if affected by a succession of slight electric shocks. By degrees this tremor subsided, the patient's eyes gradually closed, and in about a quarter of an hour he replied to an inquiry on my part, '*Ich schlafe, aber nicht ganz tief.*' (I sleep, but not soundly.) Upon this I endeavoured to deepen the patient's slumber by the mesmeric passes, when suddenly he exclaimed, his eyes being closed all the time, '*I see!—I see your hand! I see your hand.*' In order to put this to the proof, I held my head in various positions, which he followed with his finger; again, he told

me accurately whether my hand was shut or open. 'But,' he said, on being further questioned, 'I do not see distinctly. I see, as it were, sunbeams (sonnen strahlen) which dazzle me.' 'Do you think,' I asked, 'that mesmerism will do you good?' 'Ja freilich,' (yes certainly,) he replied; 'repeated often enough it would cure me of my blindness.'

"Afraid of fatiguing my patient, I did not trouble him with experiments; and, his one o'clock dinner being ready for him, I dispersed his magnetic sleep. After he had dined I took him into the garden. As we were passing before some bee-hives, he suddenly stopped, and seemed to look earnestly at them:—'What is it you see?' I asked. 'A row of bee-hives,' he replied directly; and continued, 'Oh! this is wonderful! I have not seen such things for three years.' Of course I was extremely surprised; for, though I had imagined that a long course of mesmerisation might benefit the boy, I was entirely unprepared for so rapid an improvement in his vision. My chief object had been to develop the faculty of sight in sleepwaking; and I can assure my readers that this increase of visual power in the natural state was to me a kind of miracle, as astonishing as it was unsought. My poor patient was in a state of absolute enchantment. He grinned from ear to ear, and called out, 'Das ist prächtig!' (That is charming.) Two ladies now passed before us, when he said, 'Da sind zwei frauenzimmer!' (There go two ladies.) 'How dressed?' I asked. 'Their clothes are of a dark colour,' he replied. This was true. I took my patient to a summer-house that commanded an extensive prospect. I fear almost to state it, but, nevertheless, it is perfectly true, that he saw and pointed out the situation of a village in the valley below us. I now brought Johann back to the house, when, in the presence of several members of my family, he recognized, at first sight, several small objects, (a flower-pot, I remember, amongst other things,) and not only saw a little girl, one of our farmer's children, sitting on the steps of a door, but also mentioned that she had a round cap on her head. In the house I showed Johann a book, which it will be remembered he could not distinguish before mesmerisation, and he named the object. But, though making great efforts, he could not read one letter in the book. Having ascertained this, I once more threw Johann into the mesmeric state, with a view to discovering how far a second mesmerisation would strengthen his natural eyesight. As soon as I had awaked him, at the interval of half an hour, I presented him with the same book, (one of Marryat's novels,) when he accurately told me the larger letters of the title-page, which were as follow:—'OUTWARD BOUND.' Johann belonging to an institution for the blind, situated at some distance from our residence, I had, unhappily, only the opportunity of mesmerising him three times subsequently to the above successful trial. The establishment, also, of which he was a member, changed masters; and, its new director having prejudices on the score of mesmerism, there were difficulties purposely thrown in the way of my following up that which I had so auspiciously begun.

"The following is the general result of my after experiments:—

"On first passing into the mesmeric state, Johann always spoke of a kind of internal light, which he compared to sunbeams, diffusing itself over the region of the forehead.

"Whenever I pointed the tips of my fingers towards his closed eyes, at the distance of about two inches, with a quick darting motion, he had the sensation of a flashing light, and sparks of fire passing, as it were, before him.

"Being led up, accidentally, to a large mirror, when in sleepwaking, he called out that he saw 'ein grosse klarheit.' (A great clearness.) Nevertheless, the mirror was in the shade. After this, I conducted him to a glass door that led into the garden, through which the light of day was shining brightly, but he made no remark; and, on being questioned, declared that he was not sensible of any peculiar light. Again taken up to the mirror, he again said that he saw before him much light and clearness. By whatever route I led him up to the looking-glass, he was always aware when he came before it, though his eyes were perfectly closed.

"Occasionally I presented the points of my fingers to the mirror, in the same manner as to his forehead, in order to ascertain whether he would perceive any thing like reflected sparks, but the experiment did not succeed.

"Music seemed to have a pleasing effect upon him when in the mesmeric state; and the sound of my voice always palpably increased the depth of his slumber.

"On first awaking from mesmeric sleepwaking, the patient's powers of vision were always stronger than at any other time; but, in addition to this temporary benefit, there was a gradual bettering of his eyesight, which, though less striking, was more valuable from its permanence. Even the external appearance of his eyes was improved, in the course of mesmerism, to a degree which attracted the notice, and excited the wonder, of the master of the institution to which Johann belonged.

"On one occasion, being rather indisposed, I found that I could not influence Johann so forcibly as usual; so that, after long mesmerisation, I had only brought him as far as an imperfect sleep, in which he retained his consciousness. Having met with an account of Dr. Elliotson's experiments, by which it is proved that the mesmeric agency is capable of increase by means of other individuals co-operating with the mesmeriser; having also experienced the truth of this when mesmerising the little sister of Mademoiselle M——, conjointly with herself; I requested a friend, who was present, to aid me, by motions of the hand, in deepening the patient's slumber. Each of us held a hand of Johann, and each of us manipulated with the hand that remained at liberty. The effect was very remarkable. In a short time the patient passed into complete sleepwaking; but that there was a remission of the mesmeric influence, whenever my friend ceased to be in contact with me, was proved by this: Johann's head did not then follow my hand so readily; and, at such moments, when questioned, he said that he did not sleep so profoundly. The patient being still unconscious, I, being always in contact with him, drank half a glass of sherry, when he exclaimed, spontaneously, 'Das ist wohl stark. Das steigt mir im kopf.' (That is very strong. It mounts into my head.)

"The last time that I mesmerised Johann was in the evening, by candle, or, rather, lamp light. On this occasion he manifested an ex-

traordinary increase in mesmeric *clairvoyance*, giving proofs that he had sensations analogous to sight, of a far stronger nature than those which his visual organs could afford him in the waking state. With ease he indicated the relative positions of the party present, consisting of three persons besides myself; and, though the several individuals often and silently exchanged places, he continued to show that he was acquainted with the exact situation of each. Occasionally he would remark, and always with perfect correctness, that a lady was smiling and pointing her finger at him. Three dahlias, which were respectively of a bright scarlet, deep crimson, and yellow colour, were held before his closed eyelids. He discriminated between them with singular accuracy, saying, 'Das ist feuer-roth, das ist dunkel-roth, und das ist gelb.' He also distinguished a large leaf, which was held before him, to be green.

"The lady above alluded to handed me a nosegay, directing me, in English, what to do with it. Agreeably to her request, I gave the nosegay, consisting of red geranium, white stock, and other flowers, to Johann, telling him that he must select some of the red flowers to give to the lady. He instantly and accurately separated the geranium from the other flowers; 'and now, I said, you must add some of the white to your bouquet.' This he also did with equal readiness.

"Again, he told the letters, B, M, and O, which I wrote in a large printing hand on pieces of card and held before his closed lids. When led before the mirror, which was then in deep shade, being at the farther end of an apartment forty feet in length and lighted only by a single lamp, he, as usual, expressed his perception of 'etwas hell und heiter' (something clear and bright); but, when brought close up to the lamp, he made no observation of the kind. Again I took him to a glass over the chimney-piece, on which the light of the lamp fell strongly, when he cried out, 'Viel licht, viel licht!' (Much light, much light!) While the patient was still in the mesmeric state, tea was brought in. I ate some dry toast, while holding Johann's hand. He imitated the movements of mastication; and, on being asked what he tasted, replied, 'Bread of some kind.' Upon this one of the party present, without speaking, gave me quickly a piece of sugar, signing me to substitute it for the toast. This I did, and the sound which I made in eating was not perceptibly changed, yet Johann instantly and spontaneously exclaimed, 'I taste something sweet.'

"I here close the proofs which I have to offer, that the perfect mesmeric sleepwaker does indeed possess a faculty of perception apart from the mere external mechanism of the senses. The means which I have been led to take, in order to convince myself of this fact, have, besides conducing to the end which I had in view, been productive of other results, which some persons may deem more important to the welfare of humanity than any discovery of new modes of sensation or of extraordinary developements of vision. I have established beyond a doubt that the action of mesmerism is highly remedial in affections of that precious organ whereby we enjoy

'Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine.'

We leave these facts, to the force of which we can add nothing, to

make their own impression. They cannot be set aside without a total denial of the force of testimony, nor, hopeful as they are to suffering humanity, without subjecting the rash sceptic to something of even a moral stigma. Every thing which proffers great uses has an irresistible appeal to Christian men, and the responsibility of rejecting it on *à priori* grounds is enormous. No matter how impossible it seems—no matter how absurd it may, in the end, turn out to *be*—still its PRETENSIONS TO USE demand for it a fair and deliberate trial. It is, however, a shocking fact, that wilful prejudice has hitherto prevented this from taking place in even those cases which are the opprobrium of medicine, and where, at any rate, no damage would have ensued from the experiment—that insanity, tetanus, and hydrophobia, and the whole dreary catalogue of incurable diseases, are suffered daily to dwindle on into sure death;—nothing being done which may either overstep the circle of professional notions, disturb the routine of the “regular” practitioner, or arrest the fatal malady. How much of the life and essence of quackery is here! Little does it signify, whether we adopt a single drug or a whole materia medica for our panacea—the principle is the same; in both cases we peril the lives of our fellow men by voluntarily contracting our means to less than our ends; in both, by our acts, we knowingly and falsely endeavour to overrate the sufficiency of our present knowledge.

We do not, of course, apply these remarks to those of any profession, who see in mesmerism the results of an evil agency, and therefore deem it to be spiritually unlawful. Personal experience convinces us that this is a larger class of objectors, than at first sight might be supposed, and we wish the Rev. Mr. Townshend had dwelt a little longer on their case, setting forth the rights of the matter with clerical authority and distinctness; more especially as they are valuable men to enlist,—their very objection springing from a moral ground, and implying a belief in spiritual existence. We suspect, however, that there is often an indolence of disposition mixed up with such timorous piety, together, perhaps, with an addiction to some partial system of supernaturalism. Now we ourselves by no means participate in any general denial of supernatural things, or of arts which draw down supernatural effects, as existing even in the present life. The Bible is too clear upon both these points. Its recorded miracles of the Egyptian magicians, its relation of the Witch of Endor and the calling up of Samuel—its stern laws against, and perpetual denunciations of, magic and witchcraft, would be mere fables and wasted verbiages, did there not exist some strange power, of the kind denounced, and purported to be exercised, within the reach of human faculties. The knowledge whereby natural things were wont to be so arranged, as to become fitting planes for the operation of spiritual causes, is, indeed, extinct; yet this does not preclude the possibility that fortuitous combination may occasionally favour the same results at the present day. We neither, then, deny the power, nor its unlawful nature; but we do doubt that mesmerism is part or parcel of such an agency;—and this, for two reasons:—

Firstly, Because those supernatural effects which take their origin (so far as man is concerned) from disorderly states of the human will,

are evidently no portion of the whole system of things;—they have no macrocosmal universality, and although clothed in the visible, nature is hollow underneath them; while, on the other hand, mesmerism, by the orderly classification of which its phenomena are susceptible, and the positive and even illustrating relation in which it stands to the other sciences, may be brought in as an indispensable part of the great creation.

Secondly, Because mesmerism is a means for the permanent removal of many of those bodily diseases which are the last results of the spiritually-fallen condition of our race; and we have reason to be well assured, that devils are not to be “cast out through Beelzebub, the prince of the devils.” This seems pretty conclusive, but we still think it is a part of the subject which wants a parson. In the mean time, mesmerisers cannot, perhaps, greatly err, if they restrict the practice of their art to those cases where a use of healing is the end proposed,—not tampering with the fabrics of their neighbour’s life from a vain curiosity, nor, above all, from a lust after mystic and supernatural power.

But if the utilities of mesmerism excuse and enforce the practice of it in the treatment of diseases, the light it already sheds on obscure parts of animal physiology, inculcates the study of it for the extension and elevation of science. Not a single question at present arises in the examination of living bodies, which does not terminate in a *nodus indissolubilis* of difficulty, doubt, and darkness; and this happens, in every instance, long before we reach those regions where it involves no laying aside of any of our faculties to admit of mysteries inscrutable. Thus, the principle of nervous energy, the mechanism of muscular contraction, the manner in which nerve is connected with muscle, the mode of continuity between arteries and veins, and of lacteal absorption—nay, the entire process of nutrition, by which every particle of the frame is deposited,—things all coming strictly within the laws of nature, and enacted on the theatre of matter, are utterly unknown, and very generally pronounced unknowable. When this fact is coupled with another—of our intuition into things which are too vast to be comprehended by nature,—it ought to show us that such a state is no natural or necessary one, but is brought about by our having disregarded or misused the means of knowledge which are placed at our disposal. It is, indeed, very likely that we have come to the limits of the views which can be obtained from the microscope and the scalpel; and that, although by these tools we may continue to enlarge the basis, we require instruments altogether different, and more spiritual, to enable us to proceed with the superstructure. New facts are certainly not the whole of what we want;—we must also have new methods, and a new spirit of induction: nor is it difficult to foresee, in some degree, the direction which these will require us to take. We must look to the living, and no longer seek the laws of life among the dead;—we must remember that the corpse in the dissecting-room has not really a single physiological fact left in it;—that it is a machine, irreparably broken in every part, which can never any more be set in motion. We must endeavour to see that the motions of an organism are a more immediate and speaking evidence and effect of life than its mere structure. To be acquainted with these, were, indeed, to leave little unknown in physiology; but, alas! the dead body has no move-

ments, save those chemical or mechanical ones which are in positive contradiction to the laws of life. Plainly, then, of the living we must learn of life: but how? Now mesmerism is precisely one of those means which comes to us very happily in this perplexity. It has no dealings with the dead. Making use of the subtlest media in nature as its vehicles and agents, it conducts us by fair inference to the invisible fabrics of the body, where life and motion, which, physically speaking, are one and the same, pursue their everlasting circle. By the action of one human being upon another, effectuated by moving media, it renders probable the fine doctrine of a great physiologist of the last century, that there are certain universal motions, upon the constancy of which LIFE itself is momentarily dependent—that the brain and the whole of the nervous system are in a perpetual swell and subsidence, a sort of supereminent respiration, to which he has given the name of “animation,”* reckoning it the *primum mobile* of our natural existence. Let us not, however, attempt to anticipate the benefits which mesmerism is likely to confer on physiology: to develop these will be the work of lofty inquirers in future ages.

Again, mesmerism reveals the new fact, that our minds may act, beyond their immediate bodies, on the several faculties of other living beings who are impacted in nature's time and space at a distance from ourselves; and by thus necessitating the existence of many and distinct media between the mental organs of the agent and the patient, it suggests for physics the sublime idea of a correlation of the organic and the elementary, leading us to infer, that the mind is organized to the constitution of nature, and, *vice versâ*, that the media of the outward universe are equal in their number, and responsive in their operation, to the faculties of the mind. In this manner it gives us data and hints from our own faculties for a rational cosmogony, promising far more in this respect than the researches of even geologists themselves, who deal with masses of dead matter where it is difficult to see principles, and require at last a terrestrial nucleus to begin with.

Mesmerism also bears an interesting relation to the science of mind; and by no means the smallest of its advantages was indicated by the Editor of this Magazine, when he stated that the method of its investigation of the mental phenomena “is as *à posteriori* as that of chemistry itself—that it proceeds by psychological analysis.” If this be true, we firmly believe it will contribute to supply one great want of the time—a philosophy which has some connexion with reality. There is no doubt that the entire theory of mesmerism, with its indisputable physical media, and extrinsic means of inducing mental changes, irresistibly compels us to regard the mind as a definite organism, and to place a knowledge of it as the crowning result of a high physiology, gradually evolved under the guiding light of revealed truth, rather than as a metaphysical achievement. Of this organism, self-consciousness no more informs us, than sight informs us of the fabrics of our own eyes; so that, perhaps, a purely introspective philosophy is as great an absurdity as a purely introspective science of vital optics. Self-consciousness, in fact, can only represent to us the simple general

* *ŒCONOMIA REGNI ANIMALIS. Cap. De Coincidentia Motus Cerebri et Pulmonum*,—1740-41.

function or functions of the mind, but never, in the least, its *structure*; and of these common functions, every man or woman born is quite sufficiently informed already. Of the futility of all reflection upon consciousness (or conscience, for the same applies to both), as a means to a knowledge of the mental constitution, we may easily convince ourselves, by supposing the same method applied to the eye, and that never having seen that organ, we were to endeavour, from the *sensation* of vision, which is a consciousness, to frame a chart of it. We could assuredly do no other than fill it full of "categories," little guessing that it is a living tissue, infinitely divisible and compound, of nerves and blood-vessels. Now this has actually been the case with the mind. A structure too complex ever to come down into visible nature, save under the guise of ultimate effects—a structure, the immediate work of the fingers of Deity, has been actually confounded with a few of its most ordinary functions as man perceives them; and these last, and their terminology, are now reckoned to be the whole of creation: nay, in the opinion of some philosophers, to constitute God himself. Nor is this the worst of it; for as these mental functions are unquestionably modified to any possible amount by the individual mind, philosophy has come to represent the mere changes which are generated by the will of the philosopher, and the forms under which those changes are reflected in his understanding—to be, in fact, the glass of his passions, and of the intellectual darkness and stupidity they engender. Verily, mesmerism, and every thing which leads us back to nature, and her organic forms and circulating forces, where, and where only, as in clear mirrors, all spiritual things are visibly represented, is of deep importance in such a crisis; and the world will be grateful to the Editor for his clear assertion of the dignity of our science, in its possibilities of "psychological analysis."

It remains for us to say a word upon the progress and prospects of mesmerism; and when we see it advocated by a great Christian philosopher like Townshend, and investigated by the exquisitely observant faculties of an Elliotson, a most fearless and honest man, our report, for England, cannot be discouraging. It is, in fact, already adopted by a large part of the laity of the medical profession in this metropolis, and by a goodly few of even those who occupy professional chairs. Still more universal is its acceptance in other countries. In Antwerp, its most extraordinary phenomena pass as catholic and undoubted. In France, let the numerous authors, the titles of whose works, written on the subject in two years, head this article (several of which works, by-the-by, appear to be very sober and able performances), avouch the degree of repute with which it is sanctioned. Besides this, mesmeric institutions, where mesmerism is the principal agent for the cure of diseases, have been already established in some parts of Europe. Then, as for individual support, it may claim a Cuvier, a Laplace, a Hufeland, a Cloquet, an Agassiz, a Ranieri, a Mayo, and a long list of illustrious names. Putting all these circumstances together, mesmerism seems to be getting on somewhat faster than the discovery of Galileo, and at about the rate of Harvey's innovating doctrine of the circulation of the blood. Truly, its prospects are not discouraging.

J. J. G. W.

CENSUS OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

CONTINENTAL PHILOSOPHY IN AMERICA.*

No. IV.—COUSIN CRITICISED—(concluded).

IN pursuing the objections of the unphilosophical, both in America and England, we have already found that the objectors are at fault even on the simplest point of definition. Time and eternity, if to be distinguished, must be distinguished in definition. The reader has already had our distinction and definition, which agree with those insisted upon by the really orthodox authorities of all countries in theology and philosophy. It is of the greatest moment that both should be understood and accepted. Mr. Brownson, in his *Charles Elwood, or the Infidel Converted*, dwells much and rightly on this point. It is a complete answer to the objections taken against M. Cousin's theory of creation, whatever we may think of the theory itself, which will doubtless appear when we give our own theory. But these things we prefer to state affirmatively and philosophically, rather than negatively and critically. Professor Norton's *protégé* insists, against Cousin, that "if it be the most eminent characteristic of God that he is an absolute creative force, that cannot but pass into act, we are driven to believe in the eternal creation of the world, or rather, in the eternal co-existence of oneness of God and the universe." Again, "M. Cousin's theory of cosmogony is now quite plain. The essence of God is his creative power. He is an absolute force, subjected to a necessity of acting, and of developing in its effects those characteristics, and those alone, which are found in itself. God is made the mere living force, the *vis viva*, of the universe, and all things are but the radiations and effluxes of this primary and interior energy. This is the theory taught, if we may credit the Hermetic Fragments, by the ancient Egyptians, and which is at this day held both by the Brahmins and Buddhists of the East. Among all the ancients, unless the Tuscans be an exception, the creation of something out of nothing was held to be a palpable absurdity. It was a common article in all the different creeds of Grecian and Roman philosophy, that 'gigni de nihilo nil, in nihilum nil posse reverti.' This led to two different theories of the origin of the visible universe, either of them exclusive of a creation, properly so called. The one, that of most of the Greek schools, which taught the eternity, and independent existence, of matter. The other, that of the Oriental systems, which represented the universe as an emanation from within the Deity. Thus in the 'Yajur Veid,' as translated by Du Perron, it is said: 'The whole universe is the Creator, proceeds from the Creator, exists in him, and returns to him. The ignorant assert that the universe, in the beginning, did not exist in its author, and that it was created out of nothing. Oh, ye whose hearts are pure, how could something be made out of nothing? This first Being alone, and without likeness, was the *all* in the beginning; he could multiply himself under different forms; he created fire from his essence, which is light,' &c. This doctrine was

* Transcendentalism, &c., Cambridge, U. S. The Dial, &c. Boston, U. S.

early carried into Greece, and adopted by many of their philosophers. It is found in the Orphic remains, especially in the poem *De Mundo*, as quoted by Aristotle and Proclus, in Æschylus, and in most of the Greek poets. It seems to have special affinities for poetry. In modern times it has made its reappearance in the polished periods of Pope's 'Essay on Man,' and it runs through the wild and impious imaginations of Shelley.* Under the poetic dress this system is more tolerable, because we can ordinarily make such deductions for poetic imagery as will bring it within the compass of truth. But when, in the grave language of didactic philosophy, we are told, that the very essence of God is his creative power; that he is a force that was compelled to act and to pass with all his characteristics into the visible world; and that nothing now exists which has not from eternity existed in God; we are concerned, we are alarmed. This necessary transfusion of God into the universe destroys our very idea of God.† He is made the substratum, the substance, of all existence; and we are only bubbles thrown up upon the bosom of the mighty ALL, to reflect the rainbow colours, in our brief phenomenal existence, and then be absorbed again into the ocean from which we came."‡

Let us now turn to Mr. Brownson's anticipatory answer. From him we learn, that creation has no place in time, but in eternity. "Time," says Brownson, rightly, "begins with creation, and belongs to created nature. With God there is no time, as there is no space. He transcends time and space. He inhabiteth eternity, and is both time and space. When we speak of beginning in relation to the origin of the universe, we should refer to the source whence it comes, not to the time when it came. Its beginning is not in time, but in God, and is now as much as it ever was.

"You should think of the universe as something which is, not as something which was. God did not, strictly speaking, make the world, finish it, and then leave it. He makes it, he constitutes it now. Regard him, therefore, not, if I may borrow the language of Spinoza, as its 'temporary and transient cause, but as its permanent and in-dwelling cause;' that is, not as a cause which effects, and then passes off from his works, to remain henceforth in idleness, or to create new worlds; but as a cause which remains in his works, ever producing them, and constituting them by being present in them, their life, being, and substance. Take this view, and you will never trouble yourself with the question, whether the world was created six thousand or six million of years ago."

God is eternal, the sensible universe is temporal. It is this which

* "Wordsworth occasionally borders on the very extreme of poetic licence upon this subject. The philosophical principles of the 'Essay on Man' were dictated by Bolingbroke, and it is supposed that Pope was not himself sufficiently aware of their tendency.

† "If La Place had only personified under the name of God the forces with which the attenuated matter of his *nebular* hypothesis was supposed to be endowed, he might, with as much justice as M. Cousin, have escaped the imputation of Atheism.

‡ "The fittest symbolical form, that has ever been given to this creed, is that of an Oriental sect, who represent the Deity as an immense spider, seated at the centre of the universe, and spinning forth all things from his own body."

marks the distinction between God and nature, and relieves the transcendental theory from the charge of pantheism. "God," says Brownson, "is indeed the life, being, substance of all his works, yet is he independent of his works. I am in my intention, and my intention is nothing any further than I enter into it; but nevertheless my intention is not *me*; I have the complete control over it. It does not exhaust me. It leaves me with all my creative energy, free to create anew as I please. So of God. Creation does not exhaust him. His works are not necessary to his being, they make up no part of his life. He retains all his creative energy, and may put it forth anew as seems to him good. Grant he stands in the closest relation to his works; he stands to them in the relation of a cause to an effect, not in the relation of identity, as pantheism supposes." Again: "I leave the Mosaic cosmogony where I find it. As to the inference that creation must be as old as the Creator, I would remark, that a being cannot be a creator till he creates, and as God was always a creator, always then must there have been a creation; but it does not follow from this that creation must have always assumed its present form, much less that this globe in its present state must have existed from all eternity. It may have been, for aught we know, subjected to a thousand revolutions and transformations, and the date of its habitation by man may indeed have been no longer ago than Hebrew chronology asserts."

Take the argument also in the form of dialogue:—

" 'You will bear in mind, that we have found God as a cause, not a potential cause, occasionally a cause, accidentally a cause, but absolute cause, cause in itself, always a cause, and everywhere a cause. Now a cause that causes nothing is no cause at all. If then God be a cause, he must cause something, that is, create. Creation then is necessary.'

" 'Do you mean to say that God lies under a necessity of creating?'

" 'God lies under nothing, for he is over all, and independent of all. The necessity of which I speak is not a foreign necessity, but a necessity of his own nature. What I mean is, he cannot be what he is without creating. It would be a contradiction in terms to call him a cause, and to say that he causes nothing.'

" 'But out of what does God create the world? Out of nothing, as our old catechisms have it?'

" 'Not out of nothing certainly, but out of himself, out of his own fulness. You may form an idea of creation by noting what passes in the bosom of your own consciousness. I will to raise my arm. My arm may be palsied, or a stronger than mine may hold it down, so that I cannot raise it. Nevertheless I have created something; to wit, the will or intention to raise it. In like manner as I, by an effort of my will, or an act of my casualty, create a will or intention, does God create the world. The world is God's will or intention, existing in the bosom of his consciousness, as my will or intention exists in the bosom of mine.

" 'Now, independent of me, my will or intention has no existence. It exists, is a reality, no further than I enter into it; and it ceases to

exist, vanishes into nothing, the moment I relax the causative effort which gave it birth. So of the world. Independent of God it has no existence. All the life and reality it has are of God. It exists no further than he enters into it, and it ceases to exist, becomes a nonentity, the moment he withdraws or relaxes the creative effort which calls it into being.

“ ‘ This, if I mistake not, strikingly illustrates the dependence of the universe, of all worlds and beings, on God. They exist but by his will. He willed, and they were ; commanded, and they stood fast. He has but to will, and they are not ; to command, and the heavens roll together as a scroll, or disappear as the morning mist before the rising sun. This is easily seen to be true, because he is their life, their being ;—in him, says an apostle, ‘ we live and move and have our being.’ ”

“ ‘ The question is sometimes asked, Where is the universe ? Where is your resolution, intention ? In the bosom of your consciousness. So the universe, being God’s will or intention, exists in the consciousness of the Deity. The bosom of the infinite Consciousness is its place, its residence, its home. God then is all round and within it, as you are all round and within your intention. Here is the omnipresence of the Deity. You cannot go where God is not, unless you cease to exist. Not because God fills all space, as we sometimes say, thus giving him as it were extension, but because he embosoms all space, as we embosom our thoughts in our own consciousness.

“ ‘ This view of creation, also, shows us the value of the universe, and teaches us to respect it. It is God’s will, God’s intention, and is divine, so far forth as it really exists, and therefore is holy, and should be revered. Get at a man’s intentions, and you get at his real character. A man’s intentions are the revelations of himself ; they show you what the man is. The universe is the revelation of the Deity. So far as we read and understand it, do we read and understand God. When I am penetrating the heavens and tracing the revolutions of the stars, I am learning the will of God ; when I penetrate the earth and explore its strata, study the minuter particles of matter and their various combinations, I am mastering the science of theology ; when I listen to the music of the morning songsters, I am listening to the voice of God ; and it is his beauty I see when my eye runs over the varied landscape, or ‘ the flower-enamelled mead.’ ”

“ ‘ You see here the sacred character which attaches to all science, shadowed forth through all antiquity, by the right to cultivate it being claimed for the priests alone. But every man should be a priest ; and the man of science, who does not perceive that he is also a priest, but half understands his calling. In ascertaining these laws of nature, as you call them, you are learning the ways of God. Put off your shoes, then, when you enter the temple of science, for you enter the sanctuary of the Most High.

“ ‘ But man is a still fuller manifestation of the Deity. He is superior to all outward nature. Sun and stars pale before a human soul. The powers of nature, whirlwinds, tornadoes, cataracts, lightnings, earthquakes, are weak before the power of thought, and lose all their terrific grandeur in presence of the struggles of passion. Man with a

silken thread turns aside the lightning, and chains up the harmless bolt. Into man enters more of the fulness of the Divinity, for in his own likeness God made man. The study of man, then, is still more the study of the Divinity, and the science of man becomes a still nearer approach to the science of God.

“ ‘ This is not all. Viewed in this light, what new worth and sacredness attaches to this creature, man, on whom kings, priests, and nobles have for so many ages trampled with sacrilegious feet. Whoso wrongs a man, defaces the image of God, desecrates a temple of the living God, and is guilty not merely of a crime, but of a sin. Indeed, all crimes become sins—all offences against man, offences against God. Hear this, ye wrong-doers; and know that it is not from your feeble brother only, that ye have to look for vengeance. Hear this, ye wronged and down-trodden; and know that God is wronged in that ye are wronged, and his omnipotent arm shall redress you, and punish your oppressors. Man is precious in the sight of God, and God will vindicate him.’ ”

We have seen that the objectors themselves concede that Kant is free from pantheism. The account given of Kant's system is tolerably fair, saving some prejudiced *phrases*, which are meant as a substitute for argument, where argument is impossible. In order to get a glimpse of what Kant taught, we are told, that “ ‘ we must as far as possible lay aside all the prepossessions of the British school. We must not only cease to attribute all our knowledge to sensation and reflection, as our fathers were taught to do, but we must lay aside as unsatisfactory all the explanations of Reid and his followers respecting first truths and intuitive principles. We must no longer regard philosophy as a science of observation and induction, and must dismiss all our juvenile objections to a purely *à priori* scheme of metaphysics. It is the first purpose of Kant, in his own terms, to inquire ‘ how synthetical judgments *à priori* are possible, with respect to objects of experience ;’ as, for example, how the idea of necessary causal connexion arises, when it is conceded that nothing is given by experience but the mere succession of events. Indeed, it was Hume's speculations on Cause and Effect, which, as Kant tells us, first ‘ broke his dogmatic slumbers.’ Proceeding from this to all the other instances in which we arrive at absolute, necessary, universal, or intuitive truths, he proves that these are not the result of experience. No induction, however broad, can ever produce the irresistible conviction with which we yield ourselves to the belief of necessary truth. ‘ Experience (and this is the concession of Reid himself) give us no information of what is necessary, or of what ought to exist.’ In such propositions as the following: ‘ A straight line is the shortest between two points; There is a God; The soul is immortal,’ &c.; there is an amalgamation (*synthesis*) of a subject with an attribute, which is furnished neither by the idea of the subject, nor by experience. These synthetical judgments, therefore, are *à priori*, or independent of experience; that is, there is something in them beyond what experience gives. There is therefore a function of the soul prior to all experience, and to investigate this function of the soul is the purpose of the ‘ Critique of Pure Reason.’ ‘ Let us,’ says Stapfer, in a happy illustration, ‘ imagine a

mirror endued with perception, or sensible that external objects are reflected from its surface; let us suppose it reflecting on the phenomena which it offers to a spectator and to itself. If it come to discover the properties which render it capable of producing these phenomena, it would find itself in possession of two kinds of ideas, perfectly distinct. It would have a knowledge of the images which it reflects, and of the properties which it must have possessed previous to the production of these images. The former would be its *à posteriori* knowledge; whilst in saying to itself, 'My surface is plain, it is polished, I am impenetrable to the rays of light,' it would show itself possessed of *à priori* notions, since these properties, which it would recognize as inherent in its structure, are more ancient than any image reflected from its surface, and are the conditions to which is attached the faculty of forming images, with which it would know itself endowed. Let us push this extravagant fiction a little further. Let us imagine that the mirror represented to itself, that external objects are entirely destitute of depth, that they are all placed upon the same plane, that they traverse each other, as the images do upon its surface, &c., and we shall have an example of objective reality attributed to modifications purely subjective. And if we can figure to ourselves the mirror as analyzing and combining, in various ways, the properties with which it perceived itself invested (but of which it should have contented itself to establish the existence and examine the use); drawing from these combinations conclusions relative to the organization, design, and origin of the objects which paint themselves on its surface; founding, it may be, entire systems upon the conjectures which the analysis of its properties might suggest, and which it might suppose itself capable of applying to a use entirely estranged from their nature and design,—we should have some idea of the grounds and tendency of the reproaches which the author of the critical philosophy addresses to human reason, when, forgetting the veritable destination of its laws, and of those of the other intellectual faculties,—a destination which is limited to the acquisition and perfecting of experience,—it employs these laws to the investigation of objects beyond the domain of experience, and assumes the right of affirming on their existence, of examining their qualities, and determining their relations to man.

"Instead, therefore, of examining the nature of things, the objective world without us, Kant set himself to scrutinize the microcosm, to learn the nature of the cognitive subject. In pursuing this inquiry he finds, not that the mind is moulded by its objects, but that the objects are moulded by the mind. The external world is in our thoughts such as it is, simply because our thoughts are necessarily such as they are. The moulds, so to speak, are within us. We see things only under certain conditions; certain laws restrain and limit all our functions. We conceive of a given event as occurring in time and in space. But this time and this space are not objective realities, existing whether we think about them or not; they are the mere *forms à priori*. Our minds refuse to conceive of sensible objects, except under these forms. Time and space, therefore, are not the results of experience, neither

are they abstract ideas; for all particular times and spaces are possible only by reason of this original constitution of the mind.

"According to this system, all that of which we can be cognizant is either necessary or contingent. That which is necessary is *à priori*, and belongs to the province of pure reason. That which is contingent is *à posteriori*, and belongs to the province of experience. The former he calls *pure*, the latter *empirical*; and it is the circle of knowledge contained in the former which constitutes the far-famed Transcendental Philosophy."

The writer proceeds soon after to indicate the distinction insisted upon by Kant and Coleridge between reason and understanding.

"The understanding," says Kant, "is the faculty judging according to sense." "Reason," says Coleridge, "is the power of universal and necessary convictions, the source and substance of truths above sense, and having their evidence in themselves." Resuming, then, the thread which we have dropped, the Prussian philosopher dissected the cognitive subject or soul into three distinct faculties; viz. 1st. Sense, or Sensibility. 2d. Understanding. 3d. Reason.

"Sense receives and works up the multiform material, and brings it to consciousness. This it accomplishes partly as a mere 'receptivity,' passively accepting sensations, and partly as an active power or spontaneity. The Understanding is a step higher than sense. What sense has apprehended, the understanding takes up, and by its synthetizing activity (*die synthetisirende Thätigkeit*) presents under certain forms or conditions, which, by a term borrowed from logic, are called Categories. These are twelve, classified under the heads of Quantity, Quality, Relation, and Modality. Of Quantity: 1. *Unity*. 2. *Plurality*. 3. *Totality*. Of Quality: 4. *Affirmation*, or *Reality*. 5. *Negation*, or *Privation*. 6. *Limitation*. Of Relation: 7. *Substance and Accident*. 8. *Cause and Effect*. 9. *Action and Reaction*. Of Modality: 10. *Possibility and Impossibility*. 11. *Existence and Non-existence*. 12. *Necessity and Contingency*. Whatsoever now the understanding takes cognizance of, it knows under some of these forms; and every intellection receives the object as connected with at least four of these categories at once, from the four different classes. Kant attributed to the understanding the function of reducing multiplicity to unity. The result of this reduction to unity, in our consciousness, is a Conception (*Begriff*). All possible conceptions are produced under the twelve categories as their necessary forms. These are therefore the conditions of all thought; yet they afford no knowledge of the objects *per se*, and have not the slightest significance independent of time and space. Time and space are the ways or forms under which objects are made sensible; and the categories are the ways or forms under which the same objects are understood (*begriffen*).

"The Reason, finally, is the sublime of human spontaneity. It takes cognizance of that which is self-evident, necessary, absolute, infinite, eternal. Its objects are beyond the sphere, not merely of time and space, but of all ratiocination; and it is among these objects, 'above the stir and smoke of this dim spot, which men call earth,' that

the transcendental philosophers have most successfully expatiated. While the understanding is discursive, and collects proof, and deduces judgments, referring to other faculties as its authority, the reason is self-sufficient, intuitive, immediate, and infallible in all its dictates. In the pure reason there reside, *à priori*, three ideas, viz. 1. Of that which is absolute and of itself, whether subjective or objective; the former being the theme of psychology, the latter of ontology. 2. Of a supreme and independent real cause of all that is, namely, of God; this being the object of theology. 3. Of an absolute totality of all phenomena, namely, the universe, *τὸ πᾶν*; being the object of cosmology.

“The eagerness of the philosophic public to discover how these principles might legitimately affect the interests of ethics and theology, led Kant to publish, in 1787, his ‘Critique of Practical Reason.’ In this, as in several other similar works indicated in our volume for 1828, he declared himself, to a certain extent; still leaving it a matter of dispute among his adherents whether he was a Deist or a Christian. His adversaries assert, that his argument for the being of a God is inconsistent with his system, and unworthy of being admitted; and even his friends admit that he never gave his assent to the supernatural origin of Christianity. Nothing, however, in the whole system is more striking than the foundation which it gives to morals; for here, and nowhere else, Kant forsakes the character of a mere critic, and lays down absolute and final dictates of reason. There is, he teaches, an original and invariable law, residing in the depths of human consciousness, and commanding what is right. This he calls the *categorical imperative*. It urges man to act virtuously, *even at the expense of happiness*. Translated into words, it runs thus; ‘Act in such a manner, that the maxim of your will may be valid in all circumstances, as a principle of universal legislation.’ Proceeding from this he builds his natural theology on his ethics; argues the necessity of another life, and an almighty and omniscient Judge. The three ‘postulates of the Practical Reason,’ are God, Freedom, and Immortality. It is now, we believe, generally conceded, that these moral and theological speculations are an after-thought, a supplement to the main structure,* and scarcely worthy of reverence for their consistency, however interesting as proofs of the strong leaning of their author towards the faith of his childhood. It was the desire of Kant to appear favourable to Christianity. At his day infidelity had not grown so bold as it has since done; and it is especially worthy of consideration, that, whenever Kant speaks of the Divine Being, he distinctly conveys the idea of a personal God, objectively existing, separate from nature, and independent of the cognizance of finite spirits.

“It deserves to be noticed, that Kant, in pursuance of his vocation as a *critical* rather than a constructive philosopher, did not attribute to reason those divine and active powers which later philosophers have assumed, and which are claimed for her by some of our American imitators, who, we would gladly believe, are ignorant of the apotheosis of reason which they thus subserve. The genuine Kantians have always maintained, that, in what their master delivered concerning the

* This statement is an absurd error.—Ed.

absolute and the infinite, he simply meant to attribute to pure reason the power of directing the cognitive energy beyond its nearer objects, and to extend its research indefinitely; but by no means to challenge for this power the direct intuition of the absolute, as the veritable object of infallible insight."

We quote this at length, because we conceive that it will prove of great utility to many of our readers. The writer proceeds to connect with this system of Kant those of Fichte, Schelling, Oken, Cousin, Coleridge, Hegel, and to make all these writers answerable for one another's opinions as well as his own. He esteems of them all as members of one school. Nothing can be more absurd, and yet the argument proceeds upon its supposed rationality. Why, the men are frequently opposed to one another in every possible way. While, however, each should in fairness be left to answer for himself alone, we would not willingly be blind to the fact, that, however much they may disagree, they are all labouring in the developement of one philosophy. But, then, this one philosophy is not theirs either individually or collectively. "As easily might we make a partition in the cope of heaven, or claim ownership in the breathing air," as appropriate this philosophy to either one or all of them. It remains the property of Him with whom was wisdom from of old—even before the beginning of his ways. The developement is an historical one only, and must, therefore, always remain incomplete. The only valid objection taken by the Princeton reviewer shows this, and this only. These transcendental seers have not yet undertaken a scientific demonstration of the personality of the Deity. Has the reviewer? What nonsense, then, to complain. The writer that shall undertake this, whoever he may be, must proceed transcendently, and will be or become, *par conséquence*, a transcendental philosopher.

It is, however, false to assert, as is asserted in the pages before us, that the God of the Scriptures is rejected, and a shadowy abstraction substituted. It is false to assert that, "in place of the mysterious and incomprehensible Jehovah, whose infinite perfections will be the study and delight of an eternity, we have a God whose nature and essence we can now, while seeing through a glass darkly, thoroughly comprehend, and to whom faith is not permitted to attribute any thing of excellence or glory, beyond what the human intellect can clearly discern. In place of the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, the God to whom his people, in all ages, have fled for refuge, crying, *Do Thou* deliver me, and save me, we are presented with a vague personification of abstract principles, with a God who is described as the reason; thought, with its fundamental momenta; space, time, and number; the substance of the *me*, or the free personality, and of the fatal *not me*, or nature; who returns to himself in the consciousness of man; of whose divine essence all the momenta pass into the world, and return into the consciousness of man; who is every thing, and, it might with equal significancy be added, nothing."

On the contrary, it is impossible, except on the principles of transcendentalism, to ascribe any validity to the sentiment which moves us to the "*Do Thou*" of the above extract. Transcendentalism will number all such feelings among the pure intuitions which are not only perceived by us, but constitute us what we are; and to perceive which,

is either to perceive ourselves, or God, not as an object which he never can become to us, but as the common subject to which we are all objects, all being summed up in the one;—man in the Divine idea—man in the image and likeness of God—man in the Christ, as the immediate brightness of the Divine glory, and the express image of his person. We know, we feel, the sweetness of the ejaculation which we utter from infancy, “Our Father, who art in heaven!” as the fit initiate of the Universal Prayer, fit to be uttered by all creatures to the Creator. We can, therefore, adopt the following few sentences from the Princeton reviewer with satisfaction:—

“Though everywhere present in the world, God is not the world; but a Being of infinite intelligence, power, excellence, and blessedness, guiding and controlling his creatures, whose acts and consciousness are their own, and not his. The chasm, which divides the pantheistic from the scriptural view of God, is bottomless, and the difference in the effects of the two views is infinite; it is all the difference between infinite good and infinite evil. If there is any thing impressed clearly on the Bible, it is the personality of God; it is the ease and confidence with which his people can say *Thou*, in calling on his name; it is, that he ever says *I* of himself, and *you* when addressing his creatures.”

We desire, therefore, that a speedy developement may be rendered by some competent mind of this outstanding point, and shall not fail to direct, ourselves, such attention thereto as the expediency of the case demands.

A REVERIE.

HEAVEN is around us : blindness our sight and veils
 All spiritual beauty. Were our eyes unfilmed,
 Or could our minds forego their bodily sense,
 And dwell on things abstractly, we should know
 On glory's verge that we are ever treading.
 There is no realm—no bounded space that is
 The abode of God and sainted spirits. They dwell
 Within no distant sphere, but in our midst :—
 Light is around us, which, could we perceive,
 Would darken brightest sunbeams ;
 Music, whose deep enchantment would outvie
 All sensual sounds, in chastest harmony
 Unheard,—for spirits hear not, but are conscious.
 Sound is but music's body.

TO A MISER.

UNHAPPY man, and dost thou dream that gold
 Can bring delight continuous or quiet ?
 O ! canst thou purchase joy ? Is gladness sold ?
 Doth it exist in the intemperate riot
 Of an uneasy heart, which madly shuns
 All human fellowship,—forgets all claim
 Of kindred,—on life's pathway runs
 In chilling solitude ; life's every aim

Blended in the intense and sordid sin
 Of hoarding gold, and keeping it within
 Thy treasury unused? O! silly wickedness,
 Which brings no joy to any! sordid ill!
 Source of unmeasured wretchedness!
 Destroyer of the heart!—enslaver of the will!
 Miser! unholy, shameful, wrongful man!
 Righteous the careless spendthrift is to thee:
 His course is aimless, reckless, and his span
 Of life is squandered;—wretched he!
 But thou art as a river dried away;
 Whose springs have failed, whose waters ceased to flow;—
 And all that might have been so fair and gay—
 Corrupt:—fit emblem of a miser's woe.

May 15, 1840.

S. H. E.

 OUR MONTHLY CRYPT.

RELIGION VERSUS BIBLIOLATRY.*

ANOTHER new posthumous work of the late Coleridge—another voice from the sepulchre. *Vox et preterea nihil*. No more—and yet enough;—for the dead and earnest things which lay in the spirit of Coleridge, and which he pronounced not to the gross world—these secret and sacred convictions, now that his dust is securely canonized in the inviolable grave, are becoming day by day more audible for the instruction of many and the confirmation of the elect. The work before us consists of a series of private letters to a friend concerning the plenary inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, and the sense in which the doctrine is to be understood.

This little book will be a great blessing to the believer. To the sincere Christian no subject can be more interesting than an inquiry into the criterion by which the Rule of Faith should be determined—what it is, and how discoverable; none more congenial with the spirit of the Protestant than the establishing a standard of discrimination by which religion is not only distinguished from superstition, but at once and for ever separated from it. Because the priesthood of one church idolizes the authority of tradition, shall those of another make a false god of the record? These are two extremes; both alike manifested to be erroneous in the fact, that both the book and the tradition are subject to different interpretations, and that practically it is the interpretation that is taken as a rule of faith, and not either one or other of the twin opponents to be interpreted. The Scriptures and the church have been thus placed in antagonism, but each has been dependent on its respective interpreter, who has needed the true spirit of interpretation in order to enable him to interpret the oracle aright.

In the familiar letters before us, Coleridge struggles hard, but with triumphant success, to give such a definition of what is meant by the Scriptures being throughout inspired, as shall not preclude the interposition of the interpreting spirit, and compel the faithful to abide by the letter, as an unintelligible abracadabra, which is to operate much after the manner of a charm, and to be all the more influential in proportion to the impossibility of understanding it. From the best and most orthodox writers he is no dissentient, but he recoils with indignation, only repressed by ridicule, from “the routiniers of desk and pulpit,” who, to save themselves the trouble of thinking,

* Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit. Pickering, 1840. S. T. COLERIDGE'S new posthumous Work.

are indisposed to permit to their congregations the dangerous liberty of judgement.

Bibliolatry is a natural reaction. "The papacy," says Coleridge, "elevated the church to the virtual exclusion or suppression of the Scriptures; the modern Church of England, since Chillingworth, has so raised up the Scriptures as to annul the church: both alike have quenched the Holy Spirit, as the *mesothesis* or indifference of the two, and substituted an alien compound for the genuine Preacher, which should be the *synthesis* of the Scriptures and the church, and the sensible voice of the Holy Spirit."

This is true; but rational men should not be the slaves of such reaction. The "routiniers" above named are such slaves. A divine who was questioned "concerning the transcendent blessedness of Jael, and the righteousness of the act, in which she inhospitably, treacherously, perfidiously, murdered sleep, the confiding sleep, closed the controversy by observing, that he wanted no better morality than that of the Bible, and no other proof of an action's being praiseworthy than that the Bible had declared it worthy to be praised." Coleridge rightly observes, that an observation so slanderous to the morality and moral spirit of the Bible is only explicable as a consequence of the doctrine, "that every word and syllable existing in the original text of the Canonical Books, from the *Cherethi* and *Phelethi* of David to the name in the copy of a family register, the site of a town, or the course of a river, were dictated to the sacred *amanuensis* by an infallible Intelligence."

This absurd dogma, Coleridge rightly shows, fails in the effect designed by its advocates—the prevention of schism in the Protestant Church; and, besides, exposes the religion of the Bible to the unanswerable sneers of the infidel, who may cite the blessing of Deborah—the cursings of David—the Grecisms and heavier difficulties in the biographical chapters of the Book of Job—or the hydrography and natural philosophy of the patriarchal ages, in the way of objection.

For the maintenance of this dogma, adds Coleridge, "I must forego the means of silencing, and the prospect of convincing, an alienated brother, because I must not thus answer:—'My Brother! What has all this to do with the truth and the worth of Christianity? If you reject *à priori* all communion with the Holy Spirit, there is indeed a chasm between us, over which we cannot even make our voices intelligible to each other. But if—though but with the faith of a Seneca or an Antonine—you admit the co-operation of a divine Spirit in souls desirous of good, even as the breath of heaven works variously in each several plant according to its kind, character, period of growth, and circumstance of soil, clime, and aspect;—on what ground can you assume that its presence is incompatible with all imperfection in the subject,—even with such imperfection as is the natural accompaniment of the unripe season? If you call your gardener or husbandman to account for the plants or crops he is raising, would you not regard the special purpose in each, and judge of each by that which it was tending to? Thorns are not flowers, nor is the husk serviceable. But it was not for its thorns, but for its sweet and medicinal flowers that the rose was cultivated; and he who cannot separate the husk from the grain, wants the power because sloth or malice has prevented the will. I demand for the Bible only the justice which you grant to other books of grave authority, and to other proved and acknowledged benefactors of mankind. Will you deny a spirit of wisdom in Lord Bacon, because in particular facts he did not possess perfect science, or an entire immunity from the positive errors which result from imperfect insight? A Davy will not so judge his great predecessor. For he recognizes the spirit that is now working in himself, and which under similar defects of light and obstacles of error had been his guide and guardian in the morning twilight of his own genius. Must not the kindly warmth awaken and vivify the seed, in order that the stem may spring up and rejoice in the light? As the genial warmth to the informing light, even so is the predisposing Spirit to the revealing Word.'

"If I should reason thus—but why do I say *if*?—I have reasoned thus with more than one serious and well-disposed Sceptic; and what was the answer?—'You speak rationally, but seem to forget the subject. I have frequently attended meetings of the British and Foreign Bible Society, where I have heard speakers of every denomination, Calvinist and Arminian, Quaker and Methodist, Dissenting Ministers and Clergymen, nay, dignitaries of the Established Church,—and still have I heard the same doctrine,—that the Bible was not to be regarded or reasoned about in the way that other good books are or may be;—that the Bible was different in kind, and stood by itself. By some indeed this doctrine was rather implied than expressed, but yet evidently implied. But by far the greater number of the speakers it was asserted in the strongest and most unqualified words that language could supply. What is more, their principal arguments were grounded on the position, that the Bible throughout was dictated by Omniscience, and therefore in all its parts infallibly true and obligatory, and that the men, whose names are prefixed to the several books or chapters, were in fact but as different pens in the hand of one and the same writer, and the words the words of God himself;—and that on this account all notes and comments were superfluous, nay, presumptuous,—a profane mixing of human with divine, the notions of fallible creatures, with the oracles of Infallibility,—as if God's meaning could be so clearly or fitly expressed in man's as in God's own words! But how often you yourself must have heard the same language from the pulpit!—'

"What could I reply to this?—I could neither deny the fact, nor evade the conclusion,—namely, that such is at present the popular belief. Yes—I at length rejoined—I have heard this language from the pulpit, and more than once from men who in any other place would explain it away into something so very different from the literal sense of their words as closely to resemble the contrary. And this, indeed, is the peculiar character of the doctrine, that you cannot diminish or qualify but you reverse it. I have heard this language from men, who knew as well as myself that the best and most orthodox divines have in effect disclaimed the doctrine, inasmuch as they confess it cannot be extended to the words of the sacred writers, or the particular import,—that therefore the doctrine does not mean all that the usual wording of it expresses; though what it does mean, and why they continue to sanction this hyperbolical wording, I have sought to learn from them in vain. But let a thousand orators blazon it at public meetings, and let as many pulpits echo it, surely it behoves you to inquire whether you cannot be a Christian on your own faith; and it cannot but be beneath a wise man to be an Infidel on the score of what other men think fit to include in their Christianity!

"Now suppose—and, believe me, the supposition will vary little from the fact—that in consequence of these views the Sceptic's mind had gradually opened to the reception of all the truths enumerated in my first letter. Suppose that the Scriptures themselves from this time had continued to rise in his esteem and affection—the better understood, the more dear; as in the countenance of one, whom through a cloud of prejudices we have at last learned to love and value above all others, new beauties dawn on us from day to day, till at length we wonder how we could at any time have thought it other than most beautiful. Studying the sacred volume in the light and in the freedom of a faith already secured, at every fresh meeting my sceptic friend has to tell me of some new passage, formerly viewed by him as a dry stick on a rotten branch, which has *budded*, and, like the rod of Aaron, *brought forth buds, and bloomed blossoms, and yielded almonds*. Let these results, I say, be supposed,—and shall I still be told that my friend is nevertheless an alien in the household of Faith? Scrupulously orthodox as I know you to be, will you tell me that I ought to have left this sceptic as I found him, rather than attempt his conversion by such means; or that I was deceiving him, when I said to him,—

“ ‘ Friend! The truth revealed through Christ has its evidence in itself, and the proof of its divine authority in its fitness to our nature and needs ; —the clearness and cogency of this proof being proportionate to the degree of self-knowledge in each individual hearer. Christianity has likewise its historical evidences—and these as strong as is compatible with the nature of history, and with the aims and objects of a religious dispensation. And to all these Christianity itself, as an existing power in the world, and Christendom as an existing fact, with the no less evident fact of a progressive expansion, give a force of moral demonstration that almost supersedes particular testimony. These proofs and evidences would remain unshaken, even though the sum of our religion were to be drawn from the theologians of each successive century, on the principle of receiving that only as divine, which should be found in all,—*quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*. Be only, my friend! as orthodox a believer as you would have abundant reason to be, though from some accident of birth, country, or education, the precious boon of the Bible, with its additional evidence, had up to this moment been concealed from you ;—and then read its contents with only the same piety which you freely accord on other occasions to the writings of men, considered the best and wisest of their several ages! What you find therein coincident with your pre-established convictions, you will of course recognize as the Revealed Word ; while, as you read the recorded workings of the Word and the Spirit in the minds, lives, and hearts of spiritual men, the influence of the same Spirit on your own being, and the conflicts of grace and infirmity in your own soul, will enable you to discern and to know in and by what spirit they spake and acted,—as far at least as shall be needful for you, and in the times of your need.

“ ‘ Thenceforward, therefore, your doubts will be confined to such parts or passages of the received Canon, as seem to you irreconcilable with known truths, and at variance with the tests given in the Scriptures themselves, and as shall continue so to appear after you have examined each in reference to the circumstances of the writer or speaker, the dispensation under which he lived, the purpose of the particular passage, and the intent and object of the Scriptures at large. Respecting these, decide for yourself : and fear not for the result. I venture to tell it you beforehand. The result will be, a confidence in the judgement and fidelity of the compilers of the canon increased by the apparent exceptions. For they will be found neither more nor greater than may well be supposed requisite, on the one hand, to prevent us from sinking into a habit of slothful, indiscriminating, acquiescence, and on the other, to provide a check against those presumptuous fanatics, who would rend the *Urim and Thummim* from the breastplate of judgement, and frame oracles by private divination from each letter of each disjointed gem, uninterpreted by the priest, and deserted by the spirit, which shines in the parts only as it pervades and irradiates the whole.

“ ‘ Such is the language in which I have addressed a halting friend,—halting, yet with his face towards the right path. If I have erred, enable me to see my error. Correct me, or confirm me.”

In this extract we see the spirit of these letters. The author’s desire is to prevent protestant bigots from making infidels by elevating an *à posteriori*, to the intuitive and unquestionable certainty of an *à priori* process. The subjective grounds of religion are more valuable than the objective. “ ‘ The main error,” says our author, “ ‘ consists in confounding of two distinct conceptions, revelation by the eternal word, and actuation of the Holy Spirit. The former indeed is not always or necessarily united with the latter—the prophecy of Balaam is an instance of the contrary,—but yet being ordinarily, and only not always, so united, the term Inspiration has acquired a double sense.”

“ ‘ First,” Coleridge proceeds, “ ‘ the term is used in the sense of information miraculously communicated by voice or vision ; and secondly, where without

any sensible addition or infusion, the writer or speaker uses and applies his existing gifts of power and knowledge under the predisposing, aiding, and directing actuation of God's Holy Spirit. Now—between the first sense, that is, inspired revelation, and the highest degree of that grace and communion with the Spirit, which the church under all circumstances, and every regenerate member of the church of Christ, is permitted to hope, and instructed to pray for—there is a positive difference of kind,—a chasm, the pretended overleaping of which constitutes imposture, or betrays insanity. Of the first kind are the law and the Prophets, no jot or tittle of which can pass unfulfilled, and the substance and last interpretation of which passes not away; for they wrote of Christ, and shadowed out the everlasting Gospel. But with regard to the second, neither the holy writers—the so called *Hagiographi*—themselves, nor any fair interpretations of Scripture, assert any such absolute diversity, or enjoin the belief of any greater difference of degree, than the experience of the Christian World, grounded on, and growing with, the comparison of these Scriptures with other works holden in honour by the Churches, has established. And *this* difference I admit; and doubt not that it has in every generation been rendered evident to as many as read these Scriptures under the gracious influence of the spirit in which they were written.

“But alas! this is not sufficient; this cannot but be vague and unsufficing to those, with whom the Christian Religion is wholly objective, to the exclusion of all its correspondent subjective. It must appear vague, I say, to those whose Christianity, as matter of belief, is wholly external, and, like the objects of sense, common to all alike;—altogether historical, an *opus operatum*,—its existing and present operancy in no respect differing from any other fact of history, and not at all modified by the supernatural principle in which it had its origin in time. Divines of this persuasion are actually, though without their own knowledge, in a state not dissimilar to that, into which the Latin Church sank deeper and deeper from the sixth to the fourteenth century; during which time religion was likewise merely objective and superstitious,—a letter proudly emblazoned and illuminated, but yet a dead letter that was to be read by its own outward glories without the light of the Spirit in the mind of the believer. The consequence was too glaring not to be anticipated and, if possible, prevented. Without that spirit in each true believer, whereby we know the spirit of truth and the spirit of error in all things appertaining to salvation, the consequence must be—So many men, so many minds!—And what was the antidote which the Priests and Rabbis of this purely objective Faith opposed to this peril?—Why, an objective, outward infallibility; concerning which, however, the differences were scarcely less or fewer than those which it was to heal;—an infallibility, which, taken literally and unqualified, became the source of perplexity to the well-disposed, of unbelief to the wavering, and of scoff and triumph to the common enemy;—and which was, therefore, to be qualified and limited, and then it meant so much and so little, that to men of plain understandings and single hearts it meant nothing at all. It resided here. No! there. No! but in a third subject. Nay! neither here, nor there, nor in the third, but in all three conjointly!

“But even this failed to satisfy; and what was the final resource,—the doctrine of those who would not be called a Protestant Church, but in which doctrine the Fathers of Protestantism in England would have found little other fault, than that it might be affirmed as truly of the decisions of any other bishop as of the Bishop of Rome? The final resource was to restore what ought never to have been removed—the correspondent subjective, that is, the assent and confirmation of the Spirit promised to all true believers, as proved and manifested in the reception of such decision by the church universal in all its rightful members.

“I comprise and conclude the sum of my conviction in this one sentence.

Revealed Religion (and I know of no religion not revealed) is in its highest contemplation the unity, that is, the identity or co-inherence, of subjective and objective. It is in itself, and irrelatively, at once inward life and truth, and outward fact and luminary. But as all power manifests itself in the harmony of correspondent opposites, each supposing and supporting the other,—so has religion its objective, or historic and ecclesiastical pole, and its subjective, or spiritual and individual pole. In the miracles, and miraculous parts of religion—both in the first communication of divine truths, and in the promulgation of the truths thus communicated—we have the union of the two, that is, the subjective and supernatural displayed objectively—outwardly and phenomenally—as subjective and supernatural.”

With the concluding paragraphs of this little volume, we conclude our brief review.

“Archbishop Leighton has observed that the church has its extensive and intensive states, and that they seldom fall together. Certain it is that since kings have been her nursing fathers, and queens her nursing mothers, our theologians seem to act in the spirit of fear rather than in that of faith; and too often, instead of inquiring after the truth in the confidence that whatever is truth must be fruitful of good to all who *are in Him that is true*, they seek with vain precautions *to guard against the possible inferences* which perverse and distempered minds may pretend, whose whole Christianity—do what we will—is and will remain nothing but a pretence.

“You,” finally asserts Coleridge to his correspondent, “have now my entire mind on this momentous question, the grounds on which it rests, and the motives which induce me to make it known; and I now conclude by repeating my request—Correct me, or confirm me.—Farewell.”

A Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities. To be continued in Monthly Parts, and to form One Octavo Volume, illustrated by numerous Engravings. London: Taylor and Walton.

This work, of which nine numbers have been sent us, deserves our warmest approbation. It contains a vast deal of exact and accurate information on those points which are most apt to perplex the ambitious student of the classics. Its editors, finding all the English works respecting classical antiquities very imperfect, have borrowed largely from the investigations of learned foreigners, especially the German critics, who have so much distinguished themselves during the present century. Many of its original articles, especially those on the jurisprudence of the ancients, are distinguished by very extensive erudition, and that analytical acumen, and distinguishing sagacity, so rarely met with in the hasty compositions of the day. On the whole we prophesy that this Dictionary of Antiquities will become the companion of Lemprière in our libraries and our schools, as the conveniency of alphabetical reference is a matter of the highest moment in works of this nature. That our readers may more precisely understand the character of the publication, we quote a part of the Prospectus:—

“The Plan does not include names of persons and places, the former of which belong to an historical and biographical, and the latter to a geographical, work. The Roman Antiquities of Adam, and the Greek Antiquities of Potter, both of which are well known works, contain the same kind of information which it is proposed to give in this Dictionary in alphabetical order. The work of Adam is one of considerable value, and has been advantageously used in schools for more than forty years; but since the date of its publication, philological studies have made great progress in Europe, and on many matters of antiquity we have now attained to more correct knowledge and more comprehensive views. If we look only to what has been collected within the British Museum in the present century, we find abundant materials for explaining innumerable allusions in the Greek and Roman writers, which have hitherto been imperfectly understood.

"The writings of modern German philologists, as Müller, Thiersch, Böckh, Wachsmuth, Hermann, and of Niebuhr, Savigny, Hugo, and other distinguished scholars and jurists, contain a store of valuable matter adapted to illustrate the Greek and Roman writers, which has not yet found its way into English books, and has hitherto only partially, and in a few instances, exercised any influence on our course of classical instruction. The articles in this Dictionary will be founded on a careful examination of the original sources, with such aid as may be derived from the best modern authorities; and such of the articles as are susceptible of it will be illustrated by woodcuts, either from real antiques, or from drawings of unquestionable authenticity.

"In such articles as treat of Roman constitution and law, an attempt will be made to explain the subject, so far as it may illustrate the writers of the republican and the early imperial period, but not farther; and the modern authorities on these subjects, which are almost innumerable, will be only sparingly referred to.

"It has been already remarked that the plan of this work does not include names of persons and places; but it is proposed to treat of these subjects in two separate works (of which further announcement will be made), namely, in 'A Dictionary of Classical Biography and Mythology,' and in 'A Dictionary of Ancient Geography.'"

The Lovers; a Play in Five Acts. By MARK HEALY, Esq. London: Bull. 1840.

This is the work of an old man, who, before he dies, wishes to do something to rescue his name from oblivion. Whether the present comedy will be sufficient to effect his purpose, may reasonably be doubted; for, alas! an unacted play has little chance of rendering its author immortal, although printed, and published, and reviewed. Unless the almost impossible pre-requisite of its performance be secured, it is doomed, whatever its merits, to

"Waste its sweetness on the desert air!"

More's the pity—but so it is. The fact may be lamented, but to alter it seems to be far from an easy task.

"*The Lovers*" certainly deserves a trial on a fitting stage. It has these three faults—the plot is somewhat too slight, the principal female character is not sufficiently prominent, and the fifth act is anticipated. All these defects, however, are corrigible; while the vivacity of the incidents, and the truthfulness of the characters, almost induce us to overlook them.

So much for the merit of this comedy. But is Mark Healy, Esq., really an old man? It is certainly so stated in a page printed before the play, and headed "*Author's Address*." Yet we confess it would require a little more address than is therein exhibited to convince us of the truth of the statement. Says the author, "Age has now crisped my face—thrown falter and trembling into my frame—and bleached to ivory whiteness the few silken hairs left semicircling my brow; and now for the first time in life behold me staggering to place myself before the public as an author—and of a play too!—among the young, the gay, and the high-spirited! Reader, is it not ridiculous? A few brief days, and this moving hand, this breathing face, and speaking tongue, which alone have kept me in men's memories, shall rotting perish. I am not one of those who disdain outliving their own fragile bones, and who have no thought for that notice as matterless beings, which makes before their aery voyage so much of the matterless beings' misery or joy. * * * I must rise then, and try my forces against oblivion, ere resistless death, stripping my spirit of every chance of establishing an everlasting communion between itself and the earth's living, hurl me down the dark and irrevocable gulf. At my grey hairs—it is now or never. Behold me then in the field." All this is very well for babes and sucklings, though we be-

lieve it is the general opinion that old birds are not caught with chaff. It may, notwithstanding, be a fallacy, and if Mark Healy, Esq., is an old man, we will forthwith believe it to be so.

If the author's address in trying to make us believe a monstrosity be somewhat surprising, how much more so is the mystification contained in his dedication? We quote it: "In the belief that this dedication, whatever now, will be no riddle to posterity, I place these sheets at the feet of the greatest man of his day—one of history's noblest names, and humanity's best ornaments; the highest achievement of enlightenment, and peculiar glory of his age;—at once the giant impersonation of moral force, and mighty focus of popular power." Now to whom can this tirade be applied? Is it applicable to the Duke of Wellington—to Lord Brougham—to Robert Owen—to Dan O'Connell—or to nobody? Mark Healy, Esq., alone can decide. The play having so small a chance of reaching posterity, we are afraid that *they* will be the least likely to solve the riddle.

The Invalid's Guide to Madeira, with a Description of Teneriffe, Lisbon, Cintra, Mafra, &c. and a Vocabulary of the Portuguese and English Languages. By W. WHITE COOPER, M.R.C.S., Surgeon to the Hon. Artillery Company. Smith, Elder, and Co. 1840.

We advise all those who seek a restoration of their health in Madeira, or visit that beautiful island even for a short space of time on their way to more distant lands, to provide themselves with this useful little book. It affords precisely that kind of information touching the customs of the place, and the necessary expenditure thereat, the want of which is much felt by a stranger; in addition to which there is a chapter addressed exclusively to invalids. The author has thrown the remainder of his work into the form of a very entertaining journal, which, continued during his route home—*via* Lisbon—contains an interesting account of Mafra and Cintra.

A Treatise on English Grammar, Style, Rhetoric, and Poetry; to which are added, Preparatory Logic, and Advice to the Student, on the Improvement of the Understanding. By RICHARD HILEY, Author of "The Elements of Latin Grammar. Third Edition. London: Longman's. 1840.

This is a new and improved edition of a very useful work. It ought to supersede Murray, who stole, in fact, from Dr. Webster, all that is good in his grammar.

Lanza's Sunday Evening Recreations, dedicated by permission to the Queen, Nos. I. & II. First Series. London: Published by the Author, 2, Seymour Street, Euston Square.

This is a work such as we have long felt to be wanted; elegant and cheerful musical composition wedded to devotional strains. The publication will appear monthly at the low price of half-a-crown a number, and ought to be universally encouraged.

We have only time to give a brief notice of a very pretty National Anthem, or Royal Lullaby, which has this moment been put into our hands, the music by Signor Lanza, the words by Mrs. Harriet Denning, and which commence by an affective recitative, followed by a very pleasing air. The opening words are these:—

The cradle of a Royal Babe should be,
Rock'd by the Muse of sweetest Poetry;
Whilst *Music* should her place beside it keep,
And hush the precious, new-born child asleep;—
Thus should they jointly pour the sacred lay,
In honour of the Infant's natal-day."

We have also received the following tribute, written by a former contributor, on the same happy occasion.

ON THE AUSPICIOUS BIRTH OF A PRINCESS

TO THE ROYAL HOUSE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Rise high! ye haughty billows, rise
 High on your Ocean-bed,
 As o'er each rival element
 Now towers your foaming head.
 Bring gems from out your priceless depths,
 From many a silver cave,
 To deck the gifted Fairy Land
 Your crested waters lave.
 Yet, while ye roll a ceaseless watch
 Around your favour'd Isle,
 On this, the day of Jubilee,
 Oh! calmly, gently smile
 A welcome to the Infant Bud,
 Born of the Royal Rose:
 See! cradled in that *Nautilus** shell—
 A Star of Brunswick glows!
 Oh! shadow forth in peaceful rest,
 Without one rippling sigh,
 And mirror on your waveless deep,
 Her future destiny!
 Thou! England's hope, and Britain's pride,
 Babe of our Island Home!
 Though planted in a Northern clime,
 Fond wishes bid thee bloom.
 Long round thy Royal Parents' hearts
 May firm thy tendrils wind,
 And hearts of Oak, and a Nation's Prayers
 The Three together bind!

West Ashby, 21st Nov. 1840.

E. P.

THE GREEN ROOM.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

MUCH as we regret that our hopes have *not* been realized in this management—that the idea of an *Authors' Theatre* is not to be embodied here—we cannot deny but that the management are, in their revivals, actuated by a fine taste, and exhibit that tact which ensures the successful issue of public enterprises. The task they have undertaken is to support a theatre—not to promote the drama. Meanwhile, we must not forget, that there *are* fine plays—tragic, comic, and romantic—at any moment producible and well adapted for representation, which cannot, under the present system, obtain the place they ought to have on the stage. Were SHAKSPERE now alive, and dependent on dramatic composition for support, Shakspeare himself must *starve*. Is this a point enough considered? or at all? Ought this to be the case in England?

* The cot for the royal infant is said to be in the form of a *Nautilus* shell.

The dramas, however, of the dead Shakspeare live. "The Midsummer Night's Dream" was produced at Covent Garden Theatre, on Monday evening, the 16th of last month. To us this revival was very welcome, because it shows the depth and degree of poetry that should be hidden at all times in the soul of the dramatist, and upon some occasions become visible in his productions. The key-note to this beautiful drama is the following speech of *Theseus* :—

"Lovers, and madmen, have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact :—
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold ;
That is, the madman : the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt :
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven ;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothings
A local habitation, and a name."

Any management proposing the introduction of *poetry* upon the stage should be strenuously encouraged. Yet even in this particular we find that the critical world is behind the managerial. What is meant by the stale opinion, that this piece is too ethereally poetic for the stage ? There is no drama but what is so, strictly considered. "Hamlet," "Cymbeline," "Lear," "Othello," "Macbeth," never can be acted—as they ought to be, if possible. For all this, the attempt is made ; and the stage is elevated, just in proportion as the purpose is accomplished. It may be, and it is the fact, that no performer, in the present play, approaches the poetry of any one of the parts, except Miss Cooper, whose delicate elocution deserves the warmest praise ; nevertheless, if the utterance of pure poetry were more frequently required, actors would acquire facility in it with practice.

We have mentioned the name of Cooper. Let us suggest to the management, that *Mister* Cooper should not have been permitted to assume the part of *Theseus*. Where was Anderson, or rather Mr. Moore ? The stately elocution of the latter gentleman would just have fitted the passages of the play appropriated to this character. Mr. Cooper is a respectable and very useful performer in certain parts ; but he becomes ridiculous in such as these. Poetry is desecrated by its transit through his lips, and accompanied by such action as he uniformly adopts.

Madame Vestris was charming in *Oberon*.

We were delighted with the *recitative* and singing parts of the dialogue. Music was well introduced in the instances referred to, and befitted the faery king, as the music in *Macbeth* befits the weird sisterhood. The following is one :—

"That very time I saw, (but thou could'st not,)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd : a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west ;

And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
 As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts :
 But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
 Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon ;
 And the imperial vot'ress passed on,
 In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
 Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell :
 It fell upon a little western flower,—
 Before, milk-white ; now purple with love's wound,
 And maidens call it love-in-idleness."

We pause here—for the present. We are moved to project a paper *in extenso* upon the " Dream" itself. And now make way for some

GREEN ROOM CORRESPONDENCE.

AUTHORS' THEATRE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SIR,—As one by whom the representations of the Theatre have always been prized as affording a great addition to the pleasures of this life, allow me to express my infinite obligations for your admirable efforts to introduce a purer and more intellectual character to those representations ; and for your endeavours to emancipate our Drama from the thralldom of gold-seeking adventurers and ambitious professionals.

At the same time you will perhaps permit me to inquire, *when* are we to see any practical results from these endeavours ? for it is for results that I confess myself becoming impatient. When are we to have, really and truly established, that " Authors' Theatre" which you have proved will be so beneficial, and predicted will be so successful ? Surely the time is now come, when, if ever, an effort may be made, with the fair chance of a prosperous issue, to revive the almost perished poetry of the theatre ; and every year this effort is delayed will contribute to lessen that chance, because every year will find the public taste more and more alienated from a stage which has been so long degraded ; and the habit of seeking amusement from other sources, which has been begun by necessity, become too firmly fixed by custom to be eradicated.

What is there to occasion any further delay ? The evils of the present modes of theatrical management have been dwelt upon *usque ad nauseam* ; the causes of these evils proved beyond even the attempt at confutation ; and a remedy pointed out which may be pronounced infallible, if that title can ever be claimed before the event is known. All that reason can do has been done most completely ; and of experience—*negative* experience, that all other plans have invariably failed—we have had more than sufficient.

Indeed, of *positive* experience we can collect no inconsiderable amount from the records of the Theatres Royal during the last few years : for we find that the occasions where they have done, for a while, what the Authors' Theatre would do always, have proved the most successful portions of their career, and each production of the new play of Mr. Knowles has been at once the great event and the

most profitable speculation of the theatrical season. At Covent Garden, Mr. Macready, and, since his abdication, the Mathews, have brought out many of the best plays of our former dramatists, with every aid that scenery, and dress, and acting could afford; and how many of them have repaid the expense lavished upon them? Hardly one, except, perhaps, "The Tempest;" yet the old course is still followed, and is still unprofitable.

I may observe, too, that from the Authors' Theatre would be cut off many sources of enormous expenditure, without which the present managements cannot subsist. There would be no need to pay the salaries of a triple company, while only using one,—for neither Opera nor Ballet will be required; no *Spectacles*, with their acres of gold leaf and their crowds of supernumeraries; no spending 800*l.* in getting up a pantomime, as Mr. Macready was reported to have done; and no theatrical stars at 50*l.* per night will be necessary to give renewed attraction to a worn-out drama. In plays, good and new, any actors that can be called "respectable," will prove more effective than would the best of our present age cast in plays of which all of us have, from long acquaintance, formed some ideal standard of excellence; and many of us have, besides, their recollection of the performances of by-gone genius; while, as a school for actors, it would be especially serviceable to force them to exert their own talents in the personation of the original characters entrusted to their charge, instead of resting satisfied with the servile copying of the starts, and tones, and pauses, that constitute the stage "hits" of some celebrated predecessor, thus employing those mannerisms which are the blemishes of *his* performance, as the staple material of their own.

Our Authors' Theatre would also be less liable to the chance of failure. At present, if the grand card of the season—the one play, by the one author—should fail from any cause; or should it so far fail as not to run profitably the expected number of nights, or be stopped in its career by the illness or absence of some performer, the theatre is at once reduced to destitution: the only resource is some temporary makeshift—a "revival," or the reproduction of an opera, or the exhibition of some gaudy show-piece, vamped up for the purpose of filling the chasm; in short, the stage, at present, may almost be said to exist upon accident. The Poets' Theatre, on the contrary, would have a supply of new plays always ready to replace any that it may please the gentle public to condemn; and enough of them to avoid the very injurious practice of running on the same performances after the audience have shown that they are tired of them.

We repeat our question, What is there to occasion any further delay? Not the want of plays, for your readers know that many are already written, and that dramatic talent exists, which waits only for circumstances to call it into action; nor yet in the want of a theatre, or of actors; since within the last six months at least half a dozen edifices have been in the market, of all sorts and sizes, from Old Drury to the new Princess's; and the former actors at Drury Lane are even now petitioning to have its patent more strictly enforced, that they may again find employment on the boards of a national theatre. Nor can it be the want of money to start with—in a country where thousands are

subscribed to build a column or defend a seat in parliament; and when speculators are so sanguine, that, if a company were proposed to dig for diamonds in the valleys of the moon, men of cash and credit would be found to buy the scrip.

We firmly believe that nothing is wanted but a *commencement*—the combination of a few men of talent, who would furnish works of real and earnest excellence to the boards of their renovated stage, and who would consent to undergo the risks and fatigues of managing so complicated a concern. And equally firmly do we believe that, ere the first season were over, the Poets' Theatre would not only have secured its own success, but have forced all others to follow its example;—would have revived the taste for the drama; introduced a new era of dramatic literature; and raised the theatre once more to its proper position, as a means of social improvement, a place of entertainment and instruction, where the few might go for the enjoyment of an intellectual feast, and the many might have their manners formed and their tastes purified by an association with the works of genius and the words of poetry.

J. J.

• * * Our correspondent has been replied to by anticipation. Last month we published a brief prospectus of a DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, concluding with an announcement of putting forth a larger and more detailed one. That document has been since received by us, and the plan will, we confidently believe, be carried into complete effect. It has been already well-considered by THE SYNCRETIC ASSOCIATION, which will likewise meet on Thursday, the 10th of this month, in the Council Room of the Suffolk Street Gallery, at 8 o'clock in the evening; on which occasion, Mr. Heraud, the Editor of this Magazine, will deliver a public address on "The Advantages of Association in general, and of a Dramatic Association in particular." Gratuitous tickets of admission for that evening may be had on application at our publishers'.

It is also to be hoped that something towards the restoration of a right taste for the drama will be effected by THE SHAKSPERE SOCIETY—an association lately established for the purpose of collecting materials, or of circulating information, by which Shakspeare may be thoroughly understood and fully appreciated. Some such are probably in private hands and among family papers, the very existence of which the possessors are not at present aware of. Every thing, whether derived from manuscript or printed sources, that will throw light on our early dramatic literature and stage, will come within the design of the Society. The cabinets of collectors and our public libraries contain much that will contribute to this end.

Some of the productions of our dramatists prior to the Restoration have never yet been published, and the printed copies of many old plays have the rarity of manuscripts. The best of these will be edited under the sanction of the Society, accompanied by biographical sketches and notes.

The Tracts by such prolific authors as Nash, Greene, Harvey, Dekker, Breton, Munday, Rowlands, Rich, Taylor, Jordan, &c., are

known to comprise matter of great interest and curiosity, in connection, either immediate or remote, with our early stage and its poetry; and to the republication of these the attention of the Society will also be directed. In time complete sets may thus be afforded of the scattered productions of distinguished and once popular writers.

The works of Gosson, Lodge, Northbrooke, Rankins, Whetstone, Stubbes, Heywood, and others, who wrote for or against theatrical representations in their comparative infancy, are important in the history of our drama, and these (most of which are of the rarest possible occurrence), it is intended to reprint in a connected series.

A council for the management of the affairs of the Society has been formed, consisting of the following members:—

Amyot, Thomas, Esq., F.R.S., Treas. S. A.; Ayrton, William, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A.; Bruce, John, Esq., F.S.A.; Campbell, Thomas, Esq.; Collier, J. Payne, Esq., F.S.A.; Courtenay, Rt. Hon. Thomas P.; Craik, George L., Esq.; Dilke, C. Wentworth, Esq., *Treasurer*; Dyce, Rev. Alexander; Halliwell, J. O., Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A., &c.; Harness, Rev. William; Jerrold, Douglas, Esq.; Kenney, James, Esq.; Knight, Charles, Esq.; Macready, William C., Esq.; Madden, Sir F., F.R.S., F.S.A., *KEEPER OF THE MSS. IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM*; Milman, Rev. Henry Hart; Talfourd, Mr. Serjeant, M.P.; Tomlins, F. Guest, Esq., *Secretary*; Wright, Thomas, Esq., F.S.A.; Young, Charles M., Esq.

We trust that these and other signs indicate the approach of a period when every one interested in this elevated branch of our national literature will be found co-operating to the same desirable end.

ADDRESS TO THE READER BY WAY OF CONCLUSION TO OUR FOURTH VOLUME.

EASTERN AFFAIRS.

THE personal is paramount in all the present aspects of public affairs. This is a truth which we have had the privilege of announcing more than once, and which has received ample corroboration in the progress of events. The state of the Eastern question is dependent on the character of Lord Palmerston, and the honesty of his intentions. Is Lord Palmerston a man of genius, or a mere *routinier* of a government office? We are disposed to believe with Mr. Cargill,* that we cannot esteem too highly the talents of this nobleman. This writer quotes a speech delivered by Lord Palmerston in the House of Commons, in June, 1829, in which his lordship attacked the government of the Duke of Wellington, in reference to interference in Portugal, as a proof of his transcendental superiority to any minister in either House of Parliament. "It is to me," says Mr. Cargill, "no matter of surprise, that his lordship has since that time directed the affairs of nearly the whole of the world! Every portion of that long and remarkable speech ought to be read and carefully studied by those who wish to appreciate the power of that mind which has held every public man in Eng-

* "Mehemet Ali, Lord Palmerston, Russia, and France." By William Cargill, Esq. London: John Reid & Co.; E. & T. Bruce, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. 1840.

land in leading-strings for the last ten years—a mind which rises as much superior to the vague littleness and wretched common-place of the day (such as he has employed in the despatches quoted by Mr. Cargill in relation to Mehemet Ali), as the light of the sun is superior to the flickerings of a will-o'-the-wisp!"

The extract from the speech itself follows:—

"There is in nature no moving power but mind, all else is passive and inert; in human affairs, this power is opinion; in political affairs, it is public opinion; and *he who can grasp this power, with it will subdue the fleshy arm of physical strength, and compel it to work out his purpose.* Look at one of those floating fortresses, which bear to the farthest regions of the globe the prowess and the glory of England; see a puny insect at the helm, commanding the winds of heaven, and the waves of the ocean, and enslaving even the laws of nature, as if, instead of being ordained to hold the universe together, they had only been established for his particular occasion, and yet the merest breath of those winds which he has yoked to his service, the merest drop of that fathomless abyss which he has made into his footstool, would, if ignorantly encountered, be more than enough for his destruction; but the powers of his mind have triumphed over the forces of things, and the subjugated elements are become his obedient vassals. And also is it with the political affairs of empires; and those *statesmen who know how to avail themselves of the passions and the interests and the opinions of mankind, are able to gain an ascendancy, and to exercise a sway over human affairs, far out of all proportion greater than belong to the power and resources of the state over which they preside;* while those, on the other hand, who seek to check improvements, to cherish abuses, to crush opinions, and to prohibit the human race from thinking, whatever may be the apparent power which they wield, will find their weapon snap short in their hand, when most they need its protection."

"I believe," adds Mr. Cargill, "that in these few lines alone of Lord Palmerston's, is to be traced the key of the power which he has wielded—they are to me sufficient, even if I had no other means of judging, to bring the conviction that there lies behind the strangeness of the negotiation in Egypt, something not to be attributed to unconscious mismanagement."

Let us here too quote a note of Mr. Cargill's:—

"By a despatch of the Russian Ambassador in London, it appears that that speech excited a great sensation in *St. Petersburg*, and it contains the remark that Lord Palmerston would henceforth assume the position of one of the first orators in Parliament! Lord Palmerston has since showed himself a true orator—he has shown himself to comprehend the power to be derived, and the advantages to be realized by *refraining from making speeches.* But when he *does* speak, his superiority in debate must be obvious to every one. Witness his triumphant bearing on the motion of Sir James Graham, on the quarrel with China—every member that spoke seemed but a child in his hands."

Such is the man,—so prudent in the exercise of what men in general are too fond of displaying—the capacity of great eloquence,—and such

his intense perception of the power of mind! In considering, therefore, the relations of the question which now so agitates Europe, we must not presume on any thing having been done in ignorance or without skill on the part of our Foreign Secretary. To him we will not set up M. Thiers as the antagonist personality—he is but as it were a little horn that had a brief duration and then passed into oblivion;—no! it is Prince Metternich to whom we must look for that opposite power, though at present subdued beneath the ascendant star of his rival's diplomacy. Upon this point we cannot do better than quote Mr. Cargill again.

“The position of Austria presents considerations, though not equally grave, yet vastly important at the present moment. Prince Metternich, who entertains a fear of the designs of Russia only equalled by his horror of French propagandism, has resisted every attempt of the cabinet of St. Petersburg to gain his adhesion to the German league—a combination in which he saw the future destruction of the independence of the Austrian empire, by the position which must spring out of it, viz. the rising commerce of Austria placed at the sufferance of the possessor of its route, the Black Sea. Every state paper, and every negotiation, during the last ten years, exhibits the strenuous opposition of Austria to the designs of Russia on Turkey—Austria has been the constant centre of every effort to neutralize them—and she has accordingly incurred the bitterest enmity of the court of Nicholas. That wily cabinet has not failed to use the counter-means against Metternich which the revolutionary materials of French propagandism placed within its reach; and the Austrian cabinet has been kept in a feverish struggle between the opposing tendency of Russian ambition on the one side of its empire, and the dangers from the revolutionary embers so easily kindled by means of French propagandism (or *soi-disant* French propagandism) in the Austro-Italian provinces on the other. In this dilemma, Prince Metternich threw himself on the British cabinet; the advantages of a commercial alliance were promised by him to England, and accepted by Lord Palmerston—an alliance which should at once confer on Austria the counterpart of those commercial benefits derived by Prussia from the German league—which should confer on England the commercial advantages of a commerce in the Turkish provinces contiguous to the Austrian territory, and the political security of the joint rights and interests of Austria, Turkey, and England, in obtaining the free navigation of the Danube, now being usurped by Russia:—but the treaty which was to secure this, after long hanging in abeyance, was at length concluded by Lord Palmerston in a manner at variance with the English navigation laws: the first transaction sealed it as an act which was invalid—non-existent—by the seizure, in the port of Gloucester, of an Austrian vessel that proceeded to carry it into execution; and thus the stipulation which formed the ground-work of the whole, viz. that Austrian vessels should bring the produce of the Turkish provinces on the Danube to England, was found to be a fiction! After eighteen months of total inaction of the British government, this clause was at length repealed, and—what? It is found that by a treaty *with Turkey*, ratified about the same time by Lord Palmerston, the commercial privi-

leges of the Turkish provinces on the Danube, whence Austria was to draw her shipments, were annihilated, and the whole export trade of the Black Sea transferred to the Russian provinces adjoining,—this fatal treaty having raised the export duty in the Turkish provinces to 12 per cent. from 3 per cent. which it previously was—the Russian duty being only 2 per cent! And there is no indignation in England, no voice raised or question asked in parliament; Prince Metternich turns away in despair, and is reported to have yielded to the most fearful suspicions that ever were entertained against a man—the faithlessness of the British minister to his own country, and to Austria, by a criminal leaning to the interests of St. Petersburg. Austria then (1838) drew away from the negotiation between Lord Palmerston and Russia respecting Egypt, fearing the confusions between the two cabinets to be only assumed:—But the constant action on the Italian provinces—the supposed encouragement given by the leaning of several members of the British cabinet to French ideas, (for which a speech of Lord Clarendon's on Spanish affairs was powerfully used,)—the bringing of the French fleet to Naples, sent by a minister (M. Thiers) supposed to be of ultra-liberal views—the proclamations of rebellion in Sicily consequent on the sulphur dispute, which were plentifully distributed by insertion in the English ministerial papers,—all these elements of terror to Prince Metternich contributed to paralyse his action, and prevent his adoption of a decided course. Is it a wonder that, in despair, he joins at length in negotiations about Egypt, in the hope of being able to confer at least some benefit by his presence in arrangements which he *cannot prevent*—in the hope of employing *some* means of postponing, if he cannot arrest, the realization of those designs which he so much dreads?

“The protocol of the 17th of September, which promises that the allies will not seek to obtain any exclusive advantages or extension of territory, will not weigh as a circumstance of any importance, to those who recollect that it is a verbatim copy of the same famous protocol signed by Russia, previous to the war which ended by the treaty of Adrianople,—that promise having been *fulfilled* by her attempted appropriation of the first position in the East—a position which has for three thousand years been a barrier to the pressure of the Northern hordes on the south and east—CIRCASSIA, and the Chain of the CAUCASUS! Circassia, which is the key of Constantinople! Are there no considerations of justice, humanity, commercial right, or national security, that can weigh in the feelings of Englishmen to make them think, or strike on their dread of danger to make them act?”

Is Lord Palmerston not only indifferent but friendly to the ambition of Russia? and if he be, is he wiser therein than Prince Metternich, who fears it? Again we must quote from Mr. Cargill:—

“To suppose Lord Palmerston to be *unacquainted* with the things that relate to his department of the government, is not to be entertained for a moment: those who look on his policy unfavourably, most commonly attribute its unsuccessful results to inaction, or want of decision and boldness. I conceive it to be of importance for forming a correct estimate of the present position of affairs, to be able to come to a satisfactory conclusion on this point. It does not, to me, seem

that the conduct of Lord Palmerston will bear this construction. On examining the prominent parts of his lordship's political transactions, we find much vacillation and neglect, and also we find instances of quick decision and promptitude of action. In the negotiations connected with the North American Boundary Question, which was settled by the award of the King of Holland in 1831, we find an extraordinary degree of neglect, indecision, and delay—this laid open the door for the delaying by the Americans to accept the award; shortly after, we find a despatch, no longer containing the puerilities first used, but characterized by a sound and accurate appreciation of the question, placing it on the clearest footing of justice and right, and calling on the American government to accept the award as the only course that was admissible; but this despatch was accompanied by a secret despatch to the Envoy at Washington, authorizing him to enter on further negotiations—the promptitude and ability of the first one were neutralized by the instructions of the Envoy to *act on the second*, and the question was sacrificed! The *result* is, that a rankling sore is left in the United States against England, and the moment she finds it necessary to assume possession of that spot which, retained by America, would intercept communication between Canada and New Brunswick, she is in hostility with a mighty nation.

“In the negotiations relating to the choice of a new monarch in Persia, we find doubt and hesitation on the part of Lord Palmerston as to the choice of a candidate—Russia fixed on Mahommed Mirza as the fittest, and Lord Palmerston promptly accepts him as his also. The rival candidate was attached to British interests, and was averse to Russia; Lord Palmerston shows an instantaneous decision in directing the *British forces* in Persia to attack him, and deliver him up to the vengeance of Mahommed Mirza! The *result* is, that the Persian Schah begins by entering, at the instigation of Russia, on all those enterprizes which the British Envoy had been instructed to prevent—the Envoy remonstrates to Lord Palmerston, and asks for instructions to threaten him with the opposition of Great Britain if he persists; he received, for nearly two years, only such instructions as those we have seen to Colonel Campbell at Alexandria, and the Envoy is powerless to act, or to remonstrate. The Schah then insults a British messenger—the Envoy instantly receives *decided instructions to break with the Schah on this account*—he retires from Teheran, and Persia remains subject to the exclusive influence of Russia!

“The Russian intrigues proceed for years in Central Asia, are detected by British agents, and denounced to the government—no steps are taken. The Affghans, the most warlike people of Central Asia, ask the support of the British government against a robber, Runjeet Sing—offer to place themselves under the protection of England, and to furnish troops to keep the Russians in check;—the advances are rejected, and she is thrown on the support of Russia, who offers her alliance. *A decision is instantly taken*, and an expedition directed against the Affghan chief for having, in self-protection, accepted the alliance of Russia, while England exhibits herself in Asia, and everywhere, as the *friend and ally of Russia!* Lord Palmerston's *indecision* undermines England's influence in Asia—his *promptitude*

annihilates it, and plants Russian influence in its stead. In Africa, France commits aggressions on British commercial rights—the only remedy could be drawn from promptly requiring redress, and a cessation of them; Lord Palmerston remains in inaction, and the seeds of dissension are left to rankle! Some British merchants inform Lord Palmerston, that a blockade is likely to be proclaimed in Mexico by the *French admiral*—his lordship hastens to confirm and justify it if it happen! His promptitude thus creates the evil, which, by inaction, could not have existed. Thus it appears, that in every other important political event besides Egypt, Lord Palmerston's neglect, inaction, and promptitude, all in turn come to sacrifice the interests of England—in every case to further those of Russia! But the most remarkable specimen of promptitude is shown in the treaty of the 15th of July;—a treaty which breaks up the French alliance, convulses the Ottoman Empire, and gives the key of India into the safe keeping of Russia, is concluded, signed, and orders given for execution, almost in the same moment! What mean these things? What interpretation are we to put on these inexplicable transactions? Are we to believe that the power of England is thus systematically transferred to our enemy, by neglect or by irresolution?—or, are we to conclude that the Foreign Secretary has been unfortunately led into a position by which escape from systematic subserviency to the commands of St. Petersburg is impossible? This is a question which it behoves every man seriously to consider.

“The considerations which present themselves in respect to the adhesion of Prussia and Austria to the treaty of the 15th of July, are of a high importance in the endeavour to estimate the manner by which so singular a coalition has been found capable of being brought to maturity. The well-known ability of the cabinets of Berlin and Vienna—more especially the latter, and of which the attention, being less distracted than ours by internal complication, as well as from the necessities imposed by their geographical position, is drawn more intensely towards the direction of external affairs—would lead to the opinion that these courts could not fail to trace danger, if there were danger, in such a treaty; and thus, by their opposition, and denunciation, avert the possibility of either folly or treachery on the part of the cabinet of St. Petersburg, or of the British minister. For an appreciation of this question, it is necessary to consider the circumstances in which those countries are placed—the interests which weigh, to influence them in the part which we conceive them to have taken, thus dangerous to Great Britain. In retracing the recent history of Prussia, it will come to mind that her struggles, both military and diplomatic, to arrest the extension of Russian dominion, have been severe. The annals of the British parliament contain the evidence of the many efforts made by the court of Berlin to obtain the influence of England as a counterpoise to the dangerous pressure of the growing power of Muscovy, and the same annals furnish the proof, as humiliating to the British sense of justice, as lamentable for the dangerous consequences of her impolicy, of the constant neutralization of every effort to comprehend, much less to secure, what the external interests of Great Britain demanded, in the virulence of unmeaning partisan

warfare on home affairs. The cabinet of Berlin, finding itself no longer able to cope with that of St. Petersburg, was compelled to relinquish the attempt, and compensate itself by the benefits which were promised by Russian connection. Prussia, therefore, (as then Austria, from a similar position,) commenced by joining in the robbery of Poland; and at the treaty of Vienna in 1815, Russia, finding herself in a position to maintain a complete ascendancy over the court of Berlin, raised her to a first-rate power by the partition of Saxony, and at the same time strengthened her influence over it by a double matrimonial alliance between the two reigning families. But as the only certain means of continuing the ascendancy of one nation over another, is in the prospect of future advantage to be derived from it, (a knowledge which Russia knows so well how to turn to account,) the commercial confederation called the German League was set in action, which holds out the prospect to Prussia of becoming the first manufacturing nation in the world, when the ascendancy of Russia in the East enables her, at once, to throw down the fiscal barriers which impede the passage of merchandize throughout the enormous extent of her dominions—to open up that vast arena to the commerce of Germany—and, by the possession of the Dardanelles, to exclude that of Great Britain in its favour! This is a connection—these are prospects, which realize to Prussia an advantage as gigantic, in the occupation by Russia of Constantinople, as they hold out prospects fatal to Great Britain, and we rely for security on the *guarantee of the adhesion of Berlin* to a treaty which delivers Constantinople to the czar!"

Nothing can better show the precise relations of these different powers, such as we traced them diagrammatically out two or three months ago, than the latter part of the above extract. Austria and Prussia are undetermined mesotheses in the general argument,—not but that one inclines more to the thesis, and the other to the antithesis, but neither of themselves can realize a position, and each must continue to fluctuate between two extremes. Waiving this, however, our present question demands an answer whether it be wise to resist Russian ambition?—in other words, what are the designs of Providence referably to the great interests at issue? Jouffroy, in his essay on *The Present State of Humanity*, positively asserts that Turkey must fall into the grasp of Russia! It is well to satisfy ourselves whether this consequence *can* be prevented; if it cannot, is it a point of wisdom to kick against the pricks? "Providence," as Jouffroy, on another occasion exclaims, "cannot interrupt the magnificent design which it has been pursuing for four thousand years, through regard for M. de Metternich and the Jesuits, who differ from it in opinion concerning the destinies of the human race. Ought the Hellespont to have ceased to flow, because the imbecile Xerxes cast some ells of chain upon its waves, and beat its majestic bosom with his rods?"

Russia desired the rupture of the French alliance. On the 15th of July, says Mr. Cargill, by a strange fatality, is a treaty signed in London, which in a few lines realizes this and all other desires of Russia at once. "The treaty of the 15th of July in an instant brings—

“RUPTURE OF THE FRENCH ALLIANCE.

“UNION OF ENGLAND WITH THE POWERS THAT PARTITIONED POLAND.

“CONVULSION IN THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

“STIPULATION FOR THE OCCUPATION OF CONSTANTINOPLE BY RUSSIA.

“FORMAL DISMEMBERMENT OF THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE BY THE CESSION OF EGYPT.

“Such stupendous events are brought about by a treaty to regulate the frontiers of Syria.”

Lord Palmerston, as is proved by his speech from which we have quoted, is not ignorant of the irresistible force of Mind as a moving power; still less of the moral influence exercised by England as a nation. The very name of England is a tower of strength. We have documentary evidence that Persia prefers her as a protecting power. “The king of England is under the empire of law,” says the Persian deliberation in reply to Russian threats, “and on this account all those whom he sends, in war or in peace, to place themselves at the head of his armies or to administer the country, are bound by the same law. Justice reigns under the shade of his rule; and with justice, wisdom, mildness, and a desire for the welfare of those who confide in him. Now this difference, which is as sensible as is the soul of man to his body, displays itself also in regard to the religion and the faith of other people. The Russian power allows, it is true, protection to the laws of the prophet, and it may be that such is the sovereign will of the monarch who occupies the throne; but at a distance, the vileness of the subordinate authorities renders it inefficient, and, throughout the whole of Georgia, and throughout the whole circumference of the Caspian Sea, the mosques are converted into magazines or wine cellars, and the houses appertaining to those mosques are converted into stables; while the English government repairs the temples devoted to the prayers of the faithful, and, wherever it is necessary, reconstructs them at her own expense.

“Hence it results that, although Russia is near and threatening, and England distant and only able to afford succour slowly, the latter must nevertheless be preferred as a protecting power. Nay, further, —were England even situated as Russia is to-day, and were Russia as far removed from Persia as England is, still Persia, in order to protect her religion and to secure the protection of the laws, ought to prefer the protectorate of England to that of other countries. On this account, every faithful believer ought to be punished with banishment, and shall be punished with banishment, who shall publicly or secretly favour the interests of Russia, and shall oppose the measures and proceedings which are necessary to secure to the country that protection which has shown itself so beneficent in so great a number of Mussulman states beyond the Indus. Dated in the 1st month of 1836, after the accession of the young Schah.”*

Such being the moral power of England, and, as the Persian docu-

* Extracted from ‘The Portfolio.’

ment has it, that same moral power being independent of physical distance or proximity, need England proceed upon any plan of jealousy in regard to Russia? What if Russia manifests jealousy of England, and forms designs of aggrandisement?—it is still noble of England to act indifferently notwithstanding, and for the rest to trust to providence, not forestalling the time of action, nor unprepared for its arrival. The advantages of Russia, we are disposed to think, are more apparent than real; whereas the moral influence of England is a genuine possession.

The argument then derived from the moral power of England, we think is in Lord Palmerston's favour, on the ground that it was not necessary to make use of any other force against the intentions of Russia. That it was not brought to bear against Mehemet Ali, was not out of any undue respect for Russia, or in order to prepare the way for her interests, but in consequence of the opinion which Lord Palmerston had come to, that it was right that the Pasha of Egypt should be recognized as a distinct power. We regret that the party-writing of the present time has disguised this fact. All manner of abuse is heaped upon Mehemet Ali by some newspapers—very ridiculously, were it not injuriously;—Lord Palmerston, however, would be the last man in the world to adopt a word of it. His own opinion of Mehemet Ali may be gathered from the following remonstrance addressed to him through Colonel Campbell, on his declaring his intention to revolt against the Sultan.

“The British government have received this announcement with extreme regret, and you are instructed to express to the Pascha the deep concern which this intelligence has occasioned them, *but at the same time to state that her Majesty's government do not yet abandon the hope, that fuller consideration of the subject, and more mature reflection, both upon the nature of the contemplated step, and upon its inevitable consequences, may lead the Pascha to come to a more just and prudent resolution.*

“Two motives are represented as impelling the Pascha *thus to rebel against his sovereign*, and to attempt to dismember the Turkish empire. The one is a regard for his own fame, the other is an anxiety for the future fate of his family. But in the opinion of her Majesty's government, both these motives ought, on the contrary, strongly to operate to dissuade the Pascha from adopting the contemplated course.

“For, with respect to his own fame, he ought to recollect, that if he has hitherto risen progressively in the esteem of the nations of Europe, it has been in consequence of the pains he has taken *to establish the authority of the law among the people whom he has governed, and by reason of his successful exertions to give the ascendancy to justice*, in all the transactions between man and man, so as to secure to every man the possession and enjoyment of what rightfully belongs to him.

“But, if now the Pascha shall himself set all these principles at naught, and shall give to the world, by his own conduct, a signal example of *violent injustice*, and of wrong deliberately done, instead of leaving behind him a name to be respected by future ages, he will tarnish the reputation *he has already acquired*, and be included in the list of men, who, according to the extent of their means, have,

upon a larger or smaller scale, endeavoured to *appropriate to themselves by force, things which belonged of right to others.*"

From this, and other documents, it is clear that Lord Palmerston proceeded altogether on the ground of the meritorious character and conduct—that is, on his own good opinion—of Mehemet Ali,—in fact, the rebellious Pasha is recognized by the English minister as the agent appointed by providence for the regeneration of the East, and his lordship's only care is to prevent the man of destiny from the use of improper or inconvenient means, or the mixing up of selfish motives in the prosecution of a sacred end. In case he, the Pasha, should attempt to do so, his lordship determines, for the sake of the peace of Europe, to coerce him, whatever apparent advantage may accrue therefrom to Russia for a time.

Now, it is only this point of coercion that we have really to consider. That it was wrong to attempt it, and evil to effect it, we are clear. We think not of Russia—we think of the Syrian towns that are battered, the inhabitants among whom shells are thrown—we think of the innocent Asiatics who are the victims of European policy! The horrors of this course of proceeding will not bear reflection—the destruction of human life and the ruin of interests among those who have not offended, revolts us!

We must, therefore, concur with nearly every word of the following statement by Mr. Cargill:—

"France had reason to be astonished at the sudden signing of the treaty at all, but when she learnt *what it contained*, she must have thought the 'Allies' were a parcel of madmen! In reality, when we reflect on the care of Russia to the 'interests of humanity' in Poland, and look back to Lord Palmerston's negotiations in Egypt, what are we to think? Are they fools or traitors? Can we accuse either of them of being *fools*? Then what is the French government to think of this whole proceeding?—what are the French people to think of England?—and what, more difficult perhaps than any, is the French cabinet to think of nearly the whole Tory press, formerly so bitter against every portion of the British cabinet, suddenly come round to unbounded admiration of this matchless treaty of Lord Palmerston's? Never, surely, was the hacknied expression, '*quos Deus vult perdere, prius dementat*,' more fitting than to England at this moment.

"The French minister says he conceives that the means of execution of the treaty will be found difficult, and dangerous—productive of those consequences which the interests of Turkey, and the peace of Europe, require should be averted—viz. insurrection in Egypt and Syria, and the pretext for Russian protection. He is answered from England, that Mehemet Ali will not think of resisting such a coalition—that the treaty is to put an end to insurrection, and the 'moral aid' of France is requested in giving effect to the measure. Which of the two is right in his estimate? At the time of these communications, the mail arrives from the Levant, bringing copies of the proclamations from the *British Admiral*, which had been thrown from British ships of war, calling upon the Syrians to rise up in revolt, appealing to the fanatical passions between Christians and Mussulmans, and affording the insurgents various means of resistance!

"The French minister considers to be a violation of the law of nations, the act threatened by England, of assaulting a foreign coast to settle an internal dispute, and gives orders to his fleet to resist it if attempted; but in his anxious desire to keep peace with England, he sends an envoy to the Pascha, to counsel him to come to an understanding with the five powers; and, in the mean time, the French fleet is removed. The Pascha sends an Envoy to Constantinople, yielding submission to almost every demand of the Sultan—that is to say, he accepts the hereditary Paschalic of Egypt, as accorded to him, and throws himself on the magnanimity of the Sultan, and the four powers, as to the possession of Syria. What is the reply to this?—that the answer of Mehemet was not in precisely the *terms stipulated in the convention*, and a telegraphic despatch informs France of the bombardment of Beyrout!"

Here the argument is strong against England. The balance of power in Europe is not at all affected, whether the Sultan or the Pasha succeed; but the integrity of the Ottoman Empire is affected by the separation of Egypt. Since it was not expedient to prevent that by interference, it was improper to interfere at all. The parties should have been left to settle their own differences. "Non-interference," in the language of Lord Brougham, "is a sacred and inflexible principle of policy," which Lord Palmerston has also more than once adopted, and in June, 1829, thus characterized—"the principle that every nation has a right to manage its own internal affairs as it pleases, so long as it injures not its neighbour; and that one nation has no right to control, by force of arms, the will of another nation, in the choice of its government or ruler; to this principle I most cordially assent. IT IS SOUND, IT OUGHT TO BE SACRED; AND I TRUST THAT ENGLAND WILL NEVER BE FOUND TO SET THE EXAMPLE OF ITS VIOLATION." In the present instance, it has been violated.

That its violation should produce a rupture with France, presents quite another phase of the subject. France is pledged to revolutionary principles, and Mehemet Ali is the Napoleon of the East. England, too, has been imitating France; and the regeneration of society is the demand of both countries. No wonder, therefore, that an English minister should, to some extent, sanction the claims of a successful usurper, and be seduced into admiration of his talents. But England is not prepared to go so far or so fast as France in the career of revolution; she, therefore, cries "Hold!" while her Gallic sister is dashing on. France likes not to be checked, but nevertheless is checked. To Thiers' ministry of "coalition," therefore, succeeds Guizot's "ministry of reconciliation." England being conservative, France must be less revolutionary. The Eastern question in relation to these two countries will entirely depend upon the internal state of both; it will cease to disturb them as they cease to be disturbed by internal causes. The progress of Russia will be then understood to be a co-agent with that of England in the civilization of Asia.

"Russia and England," says Jouffroy, "are the two levers to detach ancient Asia from its ancient doctrines. While the former is preparing, sooner or later, to drive out Mohammedanism from Europe, it stops its progress by the Caucasus, and cuts off, at their source in

the deserts of the North, the new supplies for Islamism and Braminism. The condition of Siberia is worthy of remark. This country, comprising a third part of Asia, is overrun, in every sense of the word, by the wandering votaries of Brama—the remains of those formidable tribes which conquered Asia and Europe. But here and there, in the midst of these herdsmen and hunters, we see a city rise up, like an oasis in the desert. These cities, inhabited by Christian exiles or merchants, exhibit all the civilization, all the arts, of Europe. They are surrounded, to a certain distance, by a stationary population devoted to agriculture. The Asiatic herdsmen, attracted by these little centres of civilization, which they frequent for the sake of a market, are charmed by the wonders of our West. Like flies attracted by honey, many of them yield to the enticement; they endeavour to obtain land, on which to settle, and gradually learn to despise their former mode of life. These vagrant tribes, which could never fix in one place since the beginning of the world, are thus brought together, and made to share in our movement of civilization. Some German colonies, also, escaping from the throng of Europe, and taking refuge in these deserts with their arts and sciences, contribute, by the success of their agriculture and their youthful associations, to hasten the progress of this movement.

“While Russia acts upon Asia on the north, from the Ural Mountains to the extremity of Kamtschatka, and opens a large third of this vast country to our civilization, England invades it by the south, and causes our power to penetrate into the very centre of Braminism. An admirable proof of the superiority of Christian civilization is presented by the conduct of Russia and England with regard to the Asiatics. Far from attacking their faith and their customs, they respect them. They have no zeal for proselytism, and for that very reason they will make proselytes. They are satisfied with exhibiting before these people, the spectacle of our religion, of our institutions, of our manners, of our ideas, as if they had divined that great law of the human race, which impels it to adopt what is most beautiful, most elevated, and most true. It is, undoubtedly, from motives of prudence and interest, and not from a noble calculation in favour of civilization, that this method has been followed by the two nations. The persecution of Braminism would have driven the English from India; but this prudence, when combined with actual superiority, is the wisest mode of proselytism. The English, it is true, have by no means produced any remarkable change in the religious faith of India; that ancient fortress of Braminism is too well guarded by indolence and ignorance. But one of two things must at length take place; either the faith of India will lose strength before the intelligence of the society of Calcutta, or a European or mixed population, growing up on the banks of the Ganges, will take the place of the old inhabitants, and, gradually increasing, will lay the foundation of a new Europe in Asia. In either case, our civilization will be the gainer; and entering upon Braminism by the south, as Russia surrounds it on the north, it will prepare the way for the fall of that antiquated system.

“The conquests of Christian civilization, moreover, will be accelerated by the immense superiority of its power. This superiority is so

great, that one of our maritime nations, by itself, could annihilate all the fleets of the combined nations of the two other families. We have no less superiority on land. As the Christian population is the most numerous, and the only one which has the prospect of increase, we have a growing superiority in point of numbers; but, in addition to this, wherever our armies have come in contact with those of Braminic or Mussulman nations, we have displayed a far more important superiority than that of numbers—a superiority of skill, of discipline, of arms, of military genius. This superiority has been manifested on the fields of Hindostan, where a handful of English have been seen to vanquish and reduce to terms immense Asiatic armies. It was exhibited in Egypt, in the conflict of the French with the Mamelukes; in Turkey and in Persia, whenever the Russian armies came in contact with the armies of those two empires. This superiority is so great, that no intelligent man can doubt, that a Russian, French, or English army would be able to conquer a Turkish or Chinese army of three or four times the number; or that four or five vessels, commanded by Lord Cochrane, and manœuvred by Englishmen, would succeed, in a few engagements, in annihilating all the fleets of the Mussulman nations.

“We are no less superior in riches, which is the fruit of industry. The perfection of our agriculture, of our arts, of our machinery, gives us the means of paying immense sums to the government, without feeling it, compared with which the imposts of the Mussulman and Braminic nations are nothing. This is because we produce much, and at a cheap rate—by which means our wealth is increased, and the ability given to devote large sums to public affairs. England has expended sixteen thousand millions within thirty years; her subjects, then, must have gained this sum—that is, they must have produced its value in order to pay it to their country. Now, these sixteen thousand millions are but a small part of their profits; for the duties are but a slight proportion of the income; and so far from the country being impoverished by this gift to the government, it is a great deal richer than before. To what is all this, as well as our superiority in war, to be attributed? To our genius in the sciences, to the progress which human intelligence has made, and is every day making, among us. In fact, all this is the fruit of science. We, moreover, behold science stationary among the Braminic nations, despised by the Mohammedan, but honoured and cultivated among us—advancing with the steps of a giant, and gaining strength as it advances. This is the secret of the superiority of our power. This superiority is only an effect, of which, superiority of intelligence, or of science, is the genuine cause. And, as our superiority in science is not a matter of accident, which may disappear at any moment—as it is evident, on the contrary, that the permanence of our scientific information is increased with its progress; it is also evident, that our superiority in power is not the result of accidental good fortune, but an enduring fact which will be perpetual, which will go onward in a constant and boundless progression. This superiority, therefore, is one of the indestructive characteristics of Christian civilization.

“ Now, this superiority of power is a new circumstance which appears to give it brighter and brighter promise of the conquest of the world.

“ In the first place, it is clear that it secures it from all hazard of conquest on the part of the two other civilized families ; it renders it invulnerable to all their attacks. In the second place, it puts them, so to speak, at our disposal ; and we can hardly avoid wishing to avail ourselves of this faculty ; for power is accompanied with an almost invincible craving to exercise and diffuse itself ; this craving, which is now expended in intestine wars between Christian nations, must seek and find other aliment, as soon as these nations shall lay aside their hostilities. And sooner or later this moment will come, because sooner or later it will appear ridiculous, as well as contrary to their interests, to destroy one another. Just as civilization diminishes the number of civil suits, by increasing the authority of justice, and the weight of enlightened interest, it tends to abolish wars between improved and reasonable nations. We already perceive the dawn of this new epoch, when the European nations will remain at peace, because they are sensible of the loss which they sustain in war, and because no adequate injustice will afford a pretext for it. This force, then, without employment at home, must needs be directed abroad. And, although conquest is an injustice in itself, it introduces, when made by a superior civilization, a very great benefit—namely, the civilization of the conquered nation. This has been the fate of America, and it will be that of Turkey, after it shall have been conquered by Russia.”

Such is the philosophy of these great events—such the ideas which almost seem to give us power to prophesy what seeds will grow in the womb of time. It is by the due application of such ideas, according to the best of our ability, that the present Editor and contributors to the Monthly Magazine have sought to assist the studious and meditative reader. May we trust, in conclusion, that we have not worked altogether in vain ? The two years of our management have been two of the most important in the history of our country—more for what they promise or threaten, than what they have produced. Socialism and Chartism, Puseyism and Transcendentalism, are clouds, big with refreshing rains or deluging showers. No wonder they are black ; but why should we not expect the blessing rather than the punishment ? Are we conscience-stricken, that we fear rather than hope ? Let England understand her mission—and let the world confide in its Creator. Nothing has happened, but what always was ; and that which will be, is already now. Time and Eternity, though one be fixed and the other flowing, are both coincident ; time is the everlasting symbol of eternity, and eternity the substance of every symbol of time. In every point of space the Infinite is present. The same voice of God speaks in every human bosom, and the same destiny awaits individuals and the race. Whoso ponders these things, he only is wise ; and whoso loves not wisdom, shall grope about at noon-tide as if it were deep night. The wise, looking on the setting sun, can declare what the morrow shall be ; but the fool, even from the promise of the dawn, fails to infer the glory of the day.

LIFE;—A LYRIC.

BY JOHN A. HERAUD.

I.

No more laughing—no more sleeping!
 For thyself or others weeping—
 Wrong inflicting or forgiving—
 Tears and Labour—this is Living
 For thyself or others striving,
 Honey gathering, poison hiving,
 Sin and penance—this is Living!

II.

This is Living—but not LIFE!
 Acting never—passive ever—
 Free from sorrow—free from strife—
 O rejoicing—Life the Voicing
 Of the Everlasting Light;
 Whose Words are worlds, whose Oracles
 Are systems—suns, whose Syllables—
 Tones that are things, how holy-bright!
 Orbs of hearing and of sight!
 Rays of the indwelling Light,
 Motions of enduring might,
 Which at once, being so divine,
 In music speak, in glory shine!

III.

Light everlasting, this is Life—
 Intelligence abiding aye,
 Free from sorrow, free from strife,
 Risen—never-setting day!
 A risen day, without a sun,
 Light pure, Light holy, sacred, one!

IV.

Why are they free from sorrow, say?
 Free from sorrow, free from strife?
 LOVE-derived are Light and Life!
 Free from chance and from decay?
 Uncreated they as he,
 Equally divine they be.
 Hence may Life right-easily
 Endless Light become agen,
 And illumine gods and men.*

V.

Love it is, that doeth this,
 (Nought Love doeth is amiss,)

* "In him was Life, and his Life was the Light of Men."—John, i. 4. The reader will perceive that the definition implied, is that *Life is abiding Intelligence*, with a power of endless production.

Love it is, that doeth this,
 In self-plenitude of bliss.
 Hence within his presence they
 (Light and Life I mean alway)
 Ever—ever—sport and play;
 And between their sport and play,
 (Light and Life I mean alway)
 Love comes down from his high state,
 Not alone to be their mate,
 But the offspring of their loving,
 Which is all of his own moving—
 All of his own moving yet,
 And, in himself remaining, still
 He keeps his state while quitting it,
 Still seated on his holy hill!
 O mystery! O mystery!
 Surely Love's name is Deity!

VI.

Of their loving thus it is,
 (Nought Love doeth is amiss,)
 Life may Light become agen,
 And illumine gods and men.

VII.

O this Light in man abides—
 Light is Life, where it resides!
 In my Conscience, in my Will
 Love and Light are living still;
 And my Reason measures well
 That Light as its vehicle;
 And, while it receives, still gives—
 So that Understanding lives;
 And, between their sport and play,
 (Light and Life I mean alway)
 Love becomes Intelligence,
 A Consciousness of self and sense;
 And the Life that is in men
 Nature's Light becomes agen—
 By which we see, in spite of strife,
 In spite of sorrow, Love and Life!
 Love and Light and Life in all things,
 Whether they be great or small things,
 In the parts, and in the whole,
 In the body, in the soul,
 Around, beneath, and all above,
 Love and Light and Life in Love!

VIII.

Then we live, and then alone,
 When we realize the union,
 That of All makes only One,
 And abide in the Communion!

I N D E X.

A.	PAGE
Abbas Meerza	259
Abortion, Sheeter's Observations on	182
Address to the Reader, by way of Conclusion to our Fourth Volume	651
Alibenism and Theosophy	68
America, Continental Philosophy in	1, 12, 131, 628
Anatomy of Suicide	62
Antiquitates Americana	144
Antiquities, Dictionary of Greek and Roman	646
Association, Dunlop on	205
Authors' Theatre (a Letter to the Editor)	648
Avarice, Persian	46

B.	
Barber, The Red-Hot; showing how he made love after a fashion which we do not feel bound to recommend to the reader, by Selwyn Cosway	377
Barham (Thomas Foster), his Greek Grammars	92
Barham (Francis), Translation of Klopstock's Ode of the "Spring Feast," by	560
Beaumont and Fletcher (George Darley's)	99
Bernays (Leopold J.) Translation of Elegy prefixed by Goethe to his Metamorphosis of Plants, by	362
N. S.—VOL. IV.	

	PAGE
Bible and Key (The), being the genuine Confession of one of the Sisters of the Central Flock Meeting. (By the Author of Remembrances of a Monthly Nurse)	59
Bibliography, Progress of	201
Billing's First Principles of Medicine	182
British Flora, Ralph's Analysis of the	203
Bunn's Stage, before and behind the Curtain	108

C.

Capp's Nation in a Dilemma	179
Catholicism in Britain	433
Celtic Languages (Maclean's History of)	98
Census of Foreign Literature.	
Continental Philosophy in America:—	
No. 1. Cousin's Eclecticism	1
No. 2. Victor Cousin himself	112
No. 3. Cousin Criticised	331
No. 4. Cousin Criticised—(concluded)	628
Chartism—Socialism	391
Cherubs, The Mother, the Babe, and the	304
Child, Dying Man and the	497
Church of England Quarterly Review	96
Close of the Session	229

	PAGE		PAGE
Comic Writers (Our)	555	Daughter of the Air (Raupach's)	97
Continental Authors (The most Modern). In a Series of Letters :—		Darley (George), his Beaumont and Fletcher	99
No. 1. Count Platen's Poems	16	Doctor's Marriage (The)	238
No. 2. German Poets. Freiherr v. Zedlitz	105	Dodd's Church History of England	200
No. 3. German Poets. Freiherr v. Zedlitz—(concluded)	459	Downes (George, A. M. &c.), "Norse Papers," by	144
Correspondence (Green-Room):		Dramatic Literature, Hazlitt's Lectures on	204
The Poet, the Actor, and the Public, with some remarks on Mr. Serjeant Talfourd's <i>Glencoe</i> , in a Letter to the Editor	100	Dramatic Association	549
Editor's Reply	104	Dramaticus, his Letter to the Editor concerning the Poet, the Public, the Actor, and <i>Glencoe</i>	100
Authors' Theatre. To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine	648	Drama, Means of restoring the	323
(Foreign):		Description of a Piece of Ancient Damask in the possession of W. G. Colchester, Esq.	316
Posies in France	209	Druids and Druidism	176
The Duke of Brunswick's Monarchic Revelations, with some passing Remarks on the present State of Germany	209	Druid's Death	582
(Miscellaneous):		Dunlop on Association	205
On Marriage as it relates to Women	228	Dynamics, Green's Vital	184
Tee-Totalism. A Letter from G. W. M. Reynolds, Esq.	424		
The Veto, or Intrusion Commotion in the Church of Scotland. By Simon Gray	583	E.	
Cosway (Selwyn), "The Quizzical Lawyer; or sundry Sayings and Doings of Jacob Spyglass, Esq." by	169	East, Mohammad Alee, and the Affairs of the	219
"The Red-Hot Barber," by	377	East India Steam Navigation Company	206
Currency Question	179	Eastern Affairs	651
		Eccentric Club, Selections from the Records of:—	
		No. 6. Reginald de Bail-launce	22
		No. 7. The Doctor's Marriage	233
		No. 8. The Last Record	247
		Egypt and Palestine, Present State and Prospects of	195
		Elegy prefixed by Goethe to his Metamorphosis of Plants, translated by Leopold J. Bernays	562
		Elliotson (Dr.), his Human Physiology	443

	PAGE		PAGE
Emblems of Destiny . . .	143	Honour, The Point of, by Camilla	
England, Tomlin's History of .	321	Toulmin	406
English Grammar, A Treatise on	645	Hope of the World	88
Eva, an Evening Scene near		Hopeless Love, by the Hon.	
Broxbourne, in company with		D. G. Osborne	286
W**** C*** and A. H. By		Hours with the Poets . . .	165
R. H. Horne	174	Horne (R. H.), An Evening	
		Scene near Broxbourne, in	
		company with W**** C***	
		and A. H., 1837, by . . .	174
F.		I.	
Flower-Speech	522	I'd rather have that Faded Rose	303
Forget-me-not	547	Italy, Catherine Taylor's Letters	
France	661	from	417
Freiherr v. Zedlitz	305, 459	Italian Concetti	ib.
Futtee Alee Shah	233		
G.		J.	
German Poets	305, 459	Jack	150
Glencoe, Some Remarks on Mr.		Juvenile Historical Library (Cor-	
Serjeant Talfourd's (in a Let-		ner's)	204
ter to the Editor)	100	Juvenile Album	548
Godwin (George, jun.), Misfor-			
tune, by	370	K.	
Gray (Simon), Means of Restor-		Karadagh (The)	365
ing the Drama proposed by .	323	Keats (John), The Poetical	
Gray (Simon), his Letter on the		Works of	523
Veto or Intrusion Commotion		Knave and Deuce, a Horrible	
in the Church of Scotland .	583	Story, by Sir Ephialtes Moon-	
Gresset's Vert Vert (Montague's		calf, Knight-Mayor	571
Translation)	97	Knowles's (J. S.) Play of the	
		Bride of Messina	436
H.		L.	
Hand-book of Health (The) .	206	Lanza's Sunday Evening Recrea-	
Hawkwood, a Romance of Italy	431	tions	645
Hazlitt's Letters on Dramatic		Last Record (The)	347
Literature	204	Lavater's Physiognomy . . .	88
Heraud (John A.), an Ode of his		Legend of Count Egmont's	
to Mr. George Patten, A. R. A.	37	Bridal, by Hon. D. G. Os-	
Translation		borne	381
of Schiller's Pegasus in Har-		Levant and Spain, Affairs of .	550
ness, by	564	Life, a Lyric, by John A. Heraud	665
Life, a Lyric,		Literature, Census of Foreign,	
by	665	1, 112, 131, 628	
Her Majesty's recent Providen-		Literature, Hazlitt's Lectures on	
tial Escape, Some Remarks on	105	Dramatic	204
Historic Sites (Wodderspoon's)	203		

	PAGE		PAGE
Locke's Metaphysics, illustrated by Owen's Socialism . . .	209	Montague's Translation of Gres- set's Vert Vert . . .	97
Love, The Retreat of. From the French of the Chevalier de Boufflers, by the Hon. D. G. Osborne . . .	15	Mooncalf (Sir Ephialtes, Knight- Mayor), The Knave and the Deuce, a Horrible Story, by .	571
Lovers (Healy's) . . .	644	Morning Star . . .	548
Lowndes's British Librarian .	201		
Lyræ Eboracensis . . .	204	N.	
M.		Nation in a Dilemma (Capp's) .	179
Mackay (Charles), his Hope of the World . . .	88	Nay, do not Weep in Sorrow now	494
----- The Wild		Night Travel . . .	40
Water-Man, by . . .	600	Norse Papers, No. II. By Geo. Downes, A.M. &c. . .	144
Maclean's History of the Celtic Languages . . .	98	O.	
Machiavelli's Belfagor . . .	ib.	Ode to Mr. Geo. Patten, A.R.A. in return for the Author's Portrait, by John A. Heraud .	37
Madeira, Cooper's Invalid Guide to . . .	645	Old Corporation (The) and the New Canal, a Ballad, showing how the Corporation buried the Bags in the Canal . . .	62
Magic of a Name (The) . . .	499	Oriental Languages, Simplifica- tion of . . .	64
Marriage as it relates to Woman	328	Osborne (Hon. D. G.), Retreat of Love, by . . .	15
Meddlings with the Muse (Si- mon's) . . .	204	----- Hopeless	
Medicine, Billing's First Prin- ciples of . . .	182	Love, by . . .	226
Mesmerism . . .	443	----- Legend of	
----- No. II. . .	613	Count Egmont's Bridal, by .	377
Metternich (Prince) . . .	653		
Mia, the Cat-Fiend . . .	573	P.	
Middleton (Joseph), Rose Clin- ton, a Village Story, by .	153	Palmerston (Lord) . . .	655
Midsummer Night's Dream .	646	Palestine, Present State and Prospects of Egypt and .	195
Milnes (Richard Monckton), his Poetry for the People . . .	334	Parting Gifts . . .	302
Miser, To a . . .	637	Patten (Mr. George, A. R. A.), Ode to him . . .	37
Misfortune, by George God- win, jun. . . .	370	Pegasus in Harness. Translated from Schiller, by John A. Heraud . . .	564
Mohammad Alee, and the Affairs of the East . . .	219	Persian Reminiscences:—	
Mohammad Alee . . .	659	No. 14. Night Travel . . .	40
Mohammadan Vengeance .	129	No. 15. Persian Avarice . .	46
Monarchic Revelations (Duke of Brunswick's) . . .	181	No. 16. The Ramazan . . .	51
Montgomery, a Romance of His- tory . . .	500		

	PAGE
Persian Reminiscences:—	
No. 17. Mohammadan Ven- geance	129
No. 18. From the Shah of Persia to his Son Abbas Meerza	132
No. 19. Royal Firmans	138
No. 20. Futtee Alee Shah	253
No. 21. Caravan Travelling	258
No. 22. The Takht Kajar	220
No. 23. Abbas Meerza	259
No. 24. Karadagh	365
No. 25. The Tatar Gallop	371
Peter Pindar's Picnic—An Epis- tle from Peter Pindar to his Friend, relating his Misfor- tunes in endeavouring to con- duct Two Young Ladies to their Home	55
Physiognomy	88
Plastic Arts and Art of Design	545
Platen's (Count), his Poems	16
Poems, by Mrs. Edward Thomas	302
Poesies in France	209
Poetic Varieties	279
Poetry and Prose, by Mrs. Ed- ward Thomas	494
Prendeville's Paradise Lost	205
Present Aspects of Poetry:—	
No. 3. Poetry for the People, by Rich. Monckton Milnes; and Romance, Rhyme, and Revery, by John Bolton Rogerson	137
Princess, Verses on the Auspi- cious Birth of a	646
Psychological Medicine. By Forbes Winslow, Esq.:—	
Chap. I. Mental Philosophy, considered as a Branch of Medical Education	271
Chap. II. Mind and Matter, Life and Organization	233
Chap. III. Human, Animal, and Vegetable Instinct	603

Q.	PAGE
Quizzical Lawyer (The); or, sundry Sayings and Doings of Jacob Spyglass, Esq. At- torney-at-Law. By Selwyn Cosway	176

R.

Ralph's Analysis of the British Flora	203
Ramazan (The)	51
Raupach's Daughter of the Air	97
Record of Family Instruction	205
Reginald de Baillaunce	22
Religion <i>versus</i> Bibliolatry	339
Return to England	547
Reynolds (G. W. M.), his Letter on Tee-totalism	424
Reverie (A)	637
Revivals: No. 3. The Sabbath	287
Rhyme, Romance, and Revery	237
Rose Clinton, a Village Tale, by Joseph Middleton	153
Royal Firmans	138
Russia	657

S.

Scale and Chart of Truth (Tatham)	177
Schiller's Song of the Bell	98
Science	663
Scotland, T. H. C.'s Descriptive Tour in	204
Scotland, The Veto or Intrusion Commotion in the Church of, by Simon Gray	583
Shah of Persia to his Son	132
Simon's Meddlings with the Muse	204
Sketches of Country Life	547
Sober (Nick.), Hon. Sec. Ec- centric Club	22, 238, 247
Spain, Affairs of the Levant and of	550
Spine, Chest, and Limbs, Ward's Practical Distortions of	319

	PAGE		PAGE
Spring-Feast, paraphrased from the German of Klopstock, by Francis Barham	560	Theatrical Reform, Progress of .	436
Spyglass (Jacob), The Quizzical Lawyer, or sundry Sayings and Doings of	169	Theatres, A few Words on the .	548
Sheeter's Observations on Abor- tion	184	Thomas (Mrs. Edward), Poetry and Prose by her	302, 494
Study of Greek	92	Tomlin's History of England .	321
Supplement to Locke's Meta- physics illustrated by Owen's Socialism	313	Toulmin (Camilla), The Point of Honour, by	406
T.		Townshend (Rev. C. H.), his new Facts in Mesmerism	443, 613
Takht Kajar	226	V.	
Talfourd (Mr. Serj.), Some Re- marks on his <i>Glencoe</i>	100	Verses to —	253
Tatar Cambuscan, modernized from Chaucer	467	Versions from the German Poets, by Messrs. Barham, Bernays, and Heraud	560
Tatar Gallop	371	Vinning (Louisa)	319
Tatham's Scale and Chart of Truth	177	Virtue (On)	496
Taylor's Essays on Money	179	W.	
Taylor's (Catherine) Letters from Italy	322	Ward's Practical Distortions of the Spine, Chest, and Limbs .	316
Tee-totalism (a Letter from G. W. M. Reynolds, Esq.)	424	Wilde (W. R.), his Narrative of a Voyage to Madeira	184
Theatre, Authors'	648	Wild Water-Man (The), by Charles Mackay	600
—— The Manager's, the Actor's, and the Poet's	108	Winslow (Forbes), Esq., his Ana- tomy of Suicide	62
—— Prince's	206	—— his Psy- chological Medicine, 233, 271, 603	
—— Haymarket	207	Wiseman (Dr.), and Mr. Alfred Netherent	433
—— Covent Garden	646	Wodderspoon's Historic Sites .	203
—— A Word of Advice to the Manager of Covent Garden	441		

